MY LIFE IN THE ARMY by Jimmy Stewart

E CASE AGAINST UNION WITH BRITAIN by George E. Sokolsky

YOUR CHILDREN HAVE INHERITED A FORTUNE!

WHEN HISTORIANS look back on the first forty years of this century they will see two totally different pictures.

One shamefully dark. The other gloriously bright.

On the one side they will see war, suffering and ignorance. On the other they will see the dawn of a new age . . . an age of greater health and happiness for millions.

A contradiction? Yes, but history is full of them. During the darkest days of the Napoleonic Wars the vaccine for smallpox was made famous. Pasteur and Lister revolutionized medicine while armies were marching in Europe. Some of surgery's greatest advances were made during the last World War.

Today the world is again torn with strife. Yet here in America we are taking our first steps toward that better, happier life of which humanity has always dreamed.

No one man is responsible. Hundreds of "hunger fighters" in hundreds of laboratories have worked for years at the problems of nutritional chemistry. Since the turn of the century they have learned more about our food and its relation to health than in all the centuries that went before. And now, what they found is beginning to affect the lives of one hundred and thirty million people in this land.

Americans are going to be the first national family of buoyantly healthy people that the world has ever known.

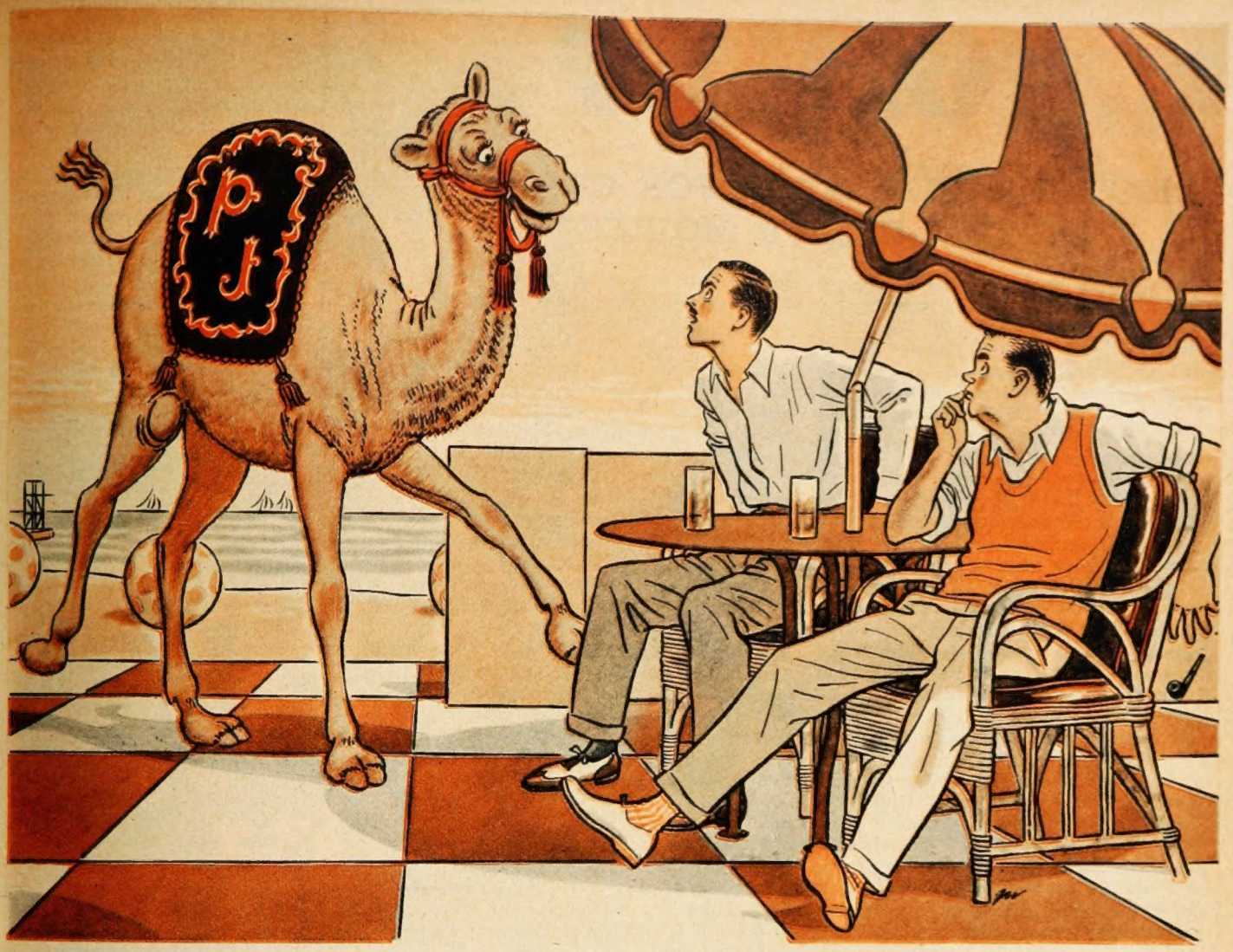
People are being educated to eat the right foods. New methods of processing are helping to keep many good foods good. Scientific methods are being applied to improve the nutritive value of the staples. The farmer, the manufacturer, the distributor, the scientist are joining hands to put abundant health within the reach of all.

It's a big job. One of the biggest that America has ever undertaken. But from it will come the biggest of all possible rewards. We are building an impregnable defense of national health today and ensuring for our children the greatest heritage that one generation has ever bequeathed to the next.

Every child in America today has inherited a fortune . . . the fortune of better health.

FOOD WILL BUILD A NEW AMERICA

This advertisement is approved by the office of Federal Security Administrator, Paul V. McNutt, Coordinator of Health, Welfare and Related Defense Activities; and donated by Liberty Magazine as its contribution to national nutrition defense.



"Why so annoyed, Little Brothers?"

MAN: Eh? Good grief, can't a couple of friends have a private argument without camels springing up all over the place?

CAMEL: Pardon, effendi. I thought you mentioned whiskey.

MAN: Mention it? We've mentioned nothing else for five minutes. Our biggest client is coming for the week-end and he's a whiskey connoisseur.

CAMEL: Ah! Then, Sahib, he will seek *dryness*.

MAN: Dryness, my perambulating polo coat?

CAMEL: A quality of which I am the living symbol, Excellency. A quality most desirable in whiskey.

MAN: Most desirable?

CAMEL: Assuredly, Thrice Blest. It is *Dryness*—or lack of sweetness—which permits you to enjoy the *true* rich flavor of fine whiskey. Do you not know that connoisseurs prize this quality of Dryness above all others?

MAN: And do *you* not know, my well-meaning friend, that a connoisseur's whiskey is expensive? There's a limit on what I can spend . . . even on my best client.

CAMEL: Then, O Fortunate One, you can well afford that jewel among whiskies, Paul Jones. For not only does it have a Dryness which brings out its superb flavor . . . it offers this incomparable flavor for so modest a sum that wise men consider Paul Jones a *great buy*. Which is why its popularity increased fivefold in less than two years. An achievement you would do well to note, effendi.

MAN: I will note it immediately, my good camel . . . and *thanks!* Would you join us in a short trip to some *dry* whiskey?

CAMEL: To Paul Jones? My masters, I will lead you!

The very best buy—is the whiskey that's dry **Paul Jones**

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VOX POP

MOTHER SEES NEED FOR REFORM IN "CHILDREN'S MOVIES"

SAN PEDRO, CALIF.—As the mother of three young sons, I have taken great interest in Adela Rogers St. Johns' article (July 5 Liberty) about Joseph Breen's career as movie censor. On the general theme of the article, I can well agree with Mrs. St. Johns: the movies *have* cleaned themselves up in the past few years, and doubtless Mr. Breen's wisdom and decency and hard work have had a lot to do with the process.

Yet, without intending to be captious, I'd like to comment on one paragraph, the one which includes: "Mothers, instead of writing letters to the Hays Office . . ." Mrs. St. Johns suggests that mothers ought to supervise their children's choice of movie fare. With that I agree. Yet the instance she offers—that of attending a "sophisticated" movie herself while she sends her twelve-year-old son to see a typical "children's offering"—brings up some problems with which some of us mothers have had to struggle. The first is the double-feature bill.

As she describes her solution, her son attends one single suitable-for-children show. In my town, and in many others, that feature suitable for children would be doubled with something else entirely unsuitable. Nor would the "sophisticated" and suitable-for-adults feature be available singly in any theater without a miscellaneous mixture of Mickey Mouse, "horse opera," and what not, offered with the good intention of "balancing" the program for parents who bring their children. Unless there is a wide movement back to the single-feature bill, mothers will have no way of choosing between things suitable for their children and things interesting to themselves.

My second criticism is that Mrs. St. Johns and Hollywood in general seem to have rather vague notions about what *is* suitable for twelve-year-olds. The problem seems to be to steer between the namby-pamby stuff most adults believe is good for children, and the spine-chilling trash that average children would like to fill up on. Perhaps a child-psychology expert in each studio or in the Hays Office would provide a way out.

A further difficulty would still remain for people like me, living in towns or suburbs and dependent for their information about movies on what appears in the newspapers. Mrs. St. Johns might go to see Philadelphia Story knowing in advance what sort of offering it was likely to be, because she had seen a preview or had heard the show talked about by people who had. This brings us to the subject of "labels," about which she says Mr. Breen was strict. The title Philadelphia Story sounds innocuous enough to mislead even an intelligent mother into supposing the story would be fit for children. On the other hand, the most innocent comedies are often tricked out with titles which suggest secret and mysterious sins. Warner Brothers are most often guilty of this—if it *is* guilt.

There is a large mass of moviegoers who like to take the family along. It's a good old custom, furthering family solidarity and giving intelligent children a glimpse of what life and art are like, or ought to be like. The movie industry has provided us in recent years with many films which were suitable for both adults and children and therefore ideal for family celebrations of the sort America loves. A Midsummer Night's Dream, which I saw with my own twelve-year-old beside me, did him much good and no harm, and was one of the loveliest things I ever saw on stage or screen. A Tale of Two Cities we both saw also, to our profit and delight. Tom Sawyer, White Banners, Juarez we saw, and took the twins to see, they being then old enough to enjoy them. On Borrowed Time was another proof that movies *can* be made which interest experienced adults and do no harm to the children with them. In fact, to limit children to the present type of "children's" features, unless these could be modified to give more solid nourishment, is a bit like keeping them forever on a diet of milk toast.

What, too, of the great mass of children whose parents are ignorant or neglectful? Society at large accepts responsibility for them by providing public schools and passing laws protecting them from cruelty and exploitation. The movies, of course, are no more responsible than the rest of us for safeguarding children whose parents don't and won't. Yet I believe the movies ought to do their share of the safeguarding, both for the sake of the children and of society at large. The negative sort of censorship which forbids the showing of how to crack a safe is an important contribution to the moral health of the generation just growing up; so too are some of the Hays Office rules about the display of the human body. When it comes to a question of the welfare of children, what we need is a strong concerted pull by everybody in the right direction. Parents, the government, the schools, the women's clubs, *and* the movies will have to work together. It won't do for any one group to pass the buck to any of the others.

To sum up: I favor the return of the single-feature bill, the continued production of movies suitable for family fare, and the labeling of each sort of movie for what it really is; and somewhere in Hollywood a child-psychology expert in the capacity of adviser. Liberty did well to bring this important subject before the public.—*Gertrude W. Scott.*

"I'll only be a few minutes changing their water, dear."

MATSUOKA'S COLLEGE

CORVALLIS, ORE.—Your references to Oregon State College in the Matsuoka announcement and article (June 28 and July 5 Liberty) do great injustice to this science and applied science institution.

Matsuoka was never a student here, where we have a long record of friendly relationships with foreign students from all over the world, including numerous capable students from the Orient.

Matsuoka was a student at the University of Oregon, a liberal arts institution of this state. Oregon State College is one of the leading land-grant colleges of the country and is noted for its excellent practical training.—*Warren A. Reid, Secretary O. S. C. Alumni Association.*

Liberty is glad to make this correction.—VOX POP ED.

A SHORT SHORT

BLAIR, NEB.—How is this for forceful brevity? A driver for a transport company engaged in driving new automobiles from Detroit factories to the West Coast sent the following telegram to his home office from here:

"Saw shadow. Hit shadow. Wasn't shadow. Was milk truck. Wire $50."

He got the money.—*F. E. D.*

APPEASERS TAKE NOTE

CHICAGO, ILL.—The handful of appeasers in America who are doing everything

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An outright gift if you join THE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB now!

. . . this great new best-selling novel which strips the masks from an American town!

EVERY adult in Kings Row knew that a human face sometimes becomes a "mask" —hiding its owner's secret love, hate, or ambition—but fourteen-year-old Parris Mitchell did not suspect it. He simply took people at their face values.

He liked his affectionate little girl-friend Renee. They tramped the country and went swimming together, at first in Adam and Eve innocence. He loved his big-hearted, girl-crazy pal, Drake McHugh. He liked and trusted Drake's tomboy girl friend, Randy Monaghan, and Jamie Wakefield, who secretly wrote poems, and whom people called "too pretty for a boy."

Cassie Tower, the prettiest young girl in town, he admired but thought "strange," perhaps because she was always kept at home by her unpopular physician father, who lived mysteriously well without any patients to speak of. Parris liked Dr. Tower, even if few grown-ups did. But he feared and disliked the cold-faced surgeon, Dr. Gordon, whose patients' hearts were so often found "too weak for chloroform." Once Renee and Parris had heard frightful screams from a farmhouse, with Dr. Gordon's buggy there. Parris never forgot them.

Through this sensitive reaction to the people around him, Parris gradually developed the intuitive insight of a born physician; gradually he discovered that each and every one of them faced the world of Kings Row through some kind of protective mask, which hid a sickness of the mind or soul—perhaps a gnawing fear, a paralyzing inferiority complex, or a cherished vice. And later, as Dr. Parris Mitchell, equipped as a psychiatrist by five years study in Vienna, he helped some of them to take off their masks.

How the masks of Kings Row were removed, and how their wearers' tangled lives joined in dramatic and thrilling conflict, makes an extraordinary story that is gripping in its intensity, exciting in its action, fascinating in its suspense, compelling in its power.

Here, at last, is a truly great American novel—a story that springs out of the lusty, zestful, growing years of adolescent America—enlivened with all an American town's charm, zest, ambition, passions, loves, hates, hypocrisies, tragedies, comedies and, sometimes, nameless horrors! The *New York Times* called *Kings Row* "a grand yarn, full of the sap of life. Eventful, swift in pace." The *New York Herald Tribune* said, "Rich in sentiment, emotional, powerfully felt —a moving and passionate book."

And now you can have this amazing best-selling novel, for which thousands have paid $2.75, entirely FREE. Here is one of the most sensational offers ever made by the DOLLAR BOOK CLUB. If you accept membership now we will send you, without cost, a copy of Kings Row.

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70,000 discriminating readers are enthusiastic supporters of the Dollar Book Club. This huge membership enables the Club to offer book values unequaled by any other method of book buying.

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"I'm delighted with my new dinner discovery,"

says MRS. JAMES THURBER,
wife of the famous humorist

Dinner guests at the Thurber home always find a luscious array of good things to eat. "My latest discovery in good food is Swift's Premium Frankfurts," says Mrs. Thurber. "They're so tender and delicious that they never fail to win praise." Here's how Mrs. Thurber serves this succulent new meat: Swift's Premium Frankfurts, whole kernel corn, spiced apricots, breaded tomato slices, mint sherbet, chocolate angel cake. (Simply simmer frankfurts 5 to 8 minutes and serve.)

SWIFT'S PREMIUM
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IN THE NEW LARGER "dinner" size

Made of fine meats — skillfully seasoned

After all, the meats inside *make* the frankfurt. Swift's Premium are made from juicy cuts of beef and pork, spiced according to a special Swift recipe.

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Not a trace of pineapple flavor remains but the skins *couldn't* be more delicately tender and still retain the rich, savory meat juices. This new method (patent pending) is exclusive with Swift & Company.

Smoked over fragrant hardwood fires

In the aromatic smoke of real hardwood fires the tender juicy links are "done to a turn" . . . emerge a tempting ruddy brown, lusciously flavored . . . "fit for a king!"

In 2 sizes...Swift's Premium Seal on every fourth link

Spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country also make many "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" table-ready meats . . . Meat Loaf . . . Braunschweiger . . . Cervelat . . . Lunar Loaf . . . Bologna . . . Salami . . . Liver Cheese . . . Cheemeat . . . Pot Roast of Beef . . . Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of top quality!

possible to create dissension here, in the present world crisis, should remember that both Mr. Willkie and Mr. Roosevelt held the same views on foreign policy, a policy which therefore received the combined approval of approximately fifty millions of voters; and in a democracy majorities always rule.—*M. W. Madsen.*

GIRL MEETS GIRL

NEW YORK, N. Y.—As a steady reader of Liberty, I've just finished reading Girl Meets Girl, by Bubbles Schinasi. I find it most timely and interesting for one that is always on the lookout for new things to wear and do. Please have more of them.—*Mrs. Philip D. Smith.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Allah be praised! You have found the kind of article that all young things go for in a big way. Girl Meets Girl is delightful and bubbling, just like the author, Bubbles Schinasi. Keep it coming.—*Frances Bernard.*

OUR UKE PLAYER

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO—On the cover of July 5 Liberty is pictured a saucy little blonde eyeful strumming a ukulele and appearing as Hawaiian as you please.

But how in heaven's name she is able to finger the uke with such tremendously long fingernails is far beyond my span of imagination!—*John Glaros.*

Uke experts say she is strumming, not picking, and it can be done. She was cute, wasn't she, nails and all?—VOX POP ED.

BEVERLY HILLS' Movie Guide

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ★ THE STARS LOOK DOWN

This smashing filming of A. J. Cronin's five-year-old novel of the Welsh coal fields never could have happened in Hollywood. It is grim, ruthless, relentless, full of the dank stenches of slimy mines and of the wretched little shacks of the men who go down into the bowels of the earth to dig. It takes a savage crack at selfish capital. It shows a little group of miners, inarticulate but brave or frightened, according to their lights, slowly meeting death in a remote tunnel or a flooded mine. Even the personal plot running through the Cronin fabric is one of defeated love.

The Stars Look Down was com-

(Continued on page 45)

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

AUGUST 16, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 33

SHALL WE SELL OUT CHINA?

☆ THERE are men and women in the United States who are working to bring about what they brazenly call peace in the Orient. These men and women pretend to be American patriots but some of them are hired agents of Japan.

Their object is to take advantage of the present situation in the war; to scare the United States into betraying China and giving Japan an appeasement that will be more like the peace imposed by a mighty victor—which, so far, Japan certainly is not. All this appeasement is to be done to the tune of high-sounding phrases, speeches about national honor, sacrifice for common ideals, and other sweetish bunk designed to cover up a dirty deal. For that is what is being fostered: a dirty deal by which the United States will tear up its promises to China, consent to the further chopping up of that brave land, and clasp hands in partnership with the cruel and cynical aggressor nation, Japan.

All this, perfidious as it sounds, has more than a fair chance of coming to be. Why would the United States government ever consider such a deal? There is only one reason, of course. The principal objective of the United States in foreign affairs is the destruction of Hitler and all his works. Our help in that destruction is seriously hampered by the Japanese trouble. Until that is settled, we have to keep our navy in the Pacific. Not until 1946 will we have two navies for our two oceans, and meanwhile the fleet is emergently needed in the Atlantic.

That is why it seems wise to some to appease Japan. The Germans call that kind of thinking *Realpolitik*. We have never done much of it over here. Perhaps the time has come when it is for our own best interests—it is certainly for the best interests of Great Britain, and the pressure there is great—to disown our pledges to Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek and their 450,000,000 trustful followers.

But if we do decide to let the Chinese down, we ought to do it with our eyes open.

We should ask, first, this question:

If we give Japan what she demands—the five northern provinces, recognition of Manchuria, and all the rest of it—what guaranty will we have that Japan will stop her march of aggression?

The answer to that will be, must be, has to be—None whatever. There can be no guaranty; we will have to take the word of the Japanese.

If we break our own word to the Chinese, how can we hope that the Japanese will keep their word to us?

Well, these men and women tell us, the alternative to appeasement is: We will have to fight the Japanese. And if we do that, we will get licked.

Who says so? These "peacemakers" say so. But they know they are scarecrows trying to flap their phony wings to stampede us.

Any time the United States feels it is necessary to do, it can blow the liver and lights out of the Japanese Empire. That statement is not chauvinistic bombast. It is based on the most conservative kind of naval and military technical opinion. We should remember our power to crush Japan while we consider the scheme of throwing China to the little yellow wolves.

And before we take our fleet from the Pacific—we have already withdrawn many of our ships—we should ask ourselves:

When did the pledged word, the signed treaty of any totalitarian power have any sanctity, any meaning, any honor?

The answer is, Never! Never! Never!

Then why break our own honor into pieces on such a desperately foolish gamble?

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READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Inside Germany Today — Wh

BY WYTHE WILLIAMS

heard Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday over 100 Mutual Network stations

☆ AT the end of the inside story of Hess' flight to Scotland, told in Liberty four weeks ago as received by radio in code from my confederate, Alias Herr Klausmann, it was stated that before taking flight Hess had visited the Reich Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Berlin, and that later had come the discovery that the secret draft of a proposed new Nazi agreement with Russia, involving an outright military alliance, was missing. Thereafter Nazidom had been tense with uncertainty. Had Hess stolen the document and turned it over to the British? If so, would premature disclosure of the Nazi plans bring the Soviets to heel, or would it necessitate a German declaration of war?

Klausmann's radiogram, from Vaduz, ended at that point. He dared send no more. Now he is in America with much additional information, and here is the sequel to that story:

Hess did steal the draft and turn it over to the British. Mr. Churchill communicated its contents to Soviet Ambassador Maisky. The German demands upon Russia were to be:

1. One half of the Red army to be shifted to Central Asia, for the preparation of an attack upon India.
2. The remaining half, excepting ten divisions for service as frontier guards, to be moved back from the western borders 200 miles.
3. The principal east-west railways of Russia to be placed under German control for the duration of war.
4. All Baltic shipyards to be leased to Germany for five years.
5. German experts in the Supreme Economic Commission to direct all Soviet oil and agricultural production, to insure full industrial collaboration.

In return, Russia would be guaranteed the integrity of her present frontiers. She would be asked to join an offensive and defensive military alliance, and she would be given an outlet on the Indian Ocean.

This news, transmitted by Maisky to Stalin, caused an immediate change in the attitude of Moscow toward Berlin. Followed the brief interlude ending with the German declaration of war against Russia on June 22. It was a period of suspense. Hitler's final decision to hold off the grand assault planned against the British Isles and turn the bulk of his forces against the Soviets resulted from pressure from three sources:

First, the political combine headed by Mussolini and including the French, Spanish, and Hungarians, all against any further pact with Moscow.

Second, the religious aspect, with Hitler's own new-found religiosity. He apparently now sees himself as the tool of the Almighty, appointed and anointed to lead a crusade against the godless.

Third, the German military High Command. Since 1938, the Wehrmacht had been subordinate to the Nazi political party, and no love had existed between them. The High Command, knowing that war in the Mediterranean and African theaters is impractical during the summer heat, and ever ready to postpone the all-out against England, held before Hitler's eyes sufficient evidence of Russia's schemes and aims to bring itself suddenly back to power. The result has been the partial overthrow of the Nazi political hierarchy. The positions of Goebbels, Himmler, and Ribbentrop have been definitely reduced. One notorious figure has been eliminated. Another is in a concentration camp. Hitler remains the exalted ruler, but his chief lieutenants now are Field Marshal Keitel, chief of the Supreme Command; General Halder, chief of the General Staff; and Marshal Göring.

For the political change of front, surprisingly enough, Benito Mussolini is largely responsible.

Relations between Hitler and Mussolini have undergone several changes since the outbreak of war in September, 1939. The peak of cordiality between them was reached late in 1938, after the Pact of Munich. Mussolini then confidently placed his signature under the map drawn by Hitler for division of Europe into German and Italian spheres of influence. However, his Latin temperament broke bounds on occasions. He was certain that he could duplicate Hitler's succession of bloodless conquests, and he regarded almost half the French Empire as Italy's legitimate "national aspiration."

His complacency was first jolted in July, 1939, when with the Polish crisis brewing, Hitler sent him word that he was negotiating with Moscow for the conclusion of a friendship pact. Il Duce immediately telephoned Hitler demanding a conference before any further action was taken.

Hitler agreed to a meeting on Italian soil on condition that it be kept absolutely secret, in view of the delicate international situation involved. It took place during night on a railroad siding just north of Bolzano. The fact of this momentous meeting has never before been told. Now for the details:

Mussolini began by saying that, while in a way it was none of his business if Hitler tied to his own neck a millstone that would eventually sink him, as co-signer of the Anti-Comintern Pact he, Mussolini, had a right to be heard. It had been hard enough

per-cent Catholic nation, and so were Spain and Hungary, the other European signatories to the Anti-Comintern Pact. The Church of Rome would never stand for having a large part of Poland tossed to the Bolsheviks.

Hitler replied that he well understood, but that Church attitudes could not interfere with plans of empire. The Vatican was already so antagonistic to him that one or two more items would not matter much. Besides, that situation could be subject to future rectification. The matter of the moment was to thwart the plans of France and England. Therefore an understanding with Stalin was necessary. He added that the time might come, and probably would, when Russian friendship could be dispensed with. And that would be the time for the final reckoning.

The parting was cool. Certain that the Russian scheme would boomerang, Mussolini would have no part in it.

When, as direct result of the Hitler-Stalin pact, the Polish situation reached a crisis, he tried hard for a peaceful settlement. But presently World War Number Two was on. Relations between the dictators remained more or less strained. Mussolini even-

plans. Then followed the ill-fated Bismarck expedition, aimed at seizure of the Azores. It was under these circumstances that Hitler and Mussolini met in June at the Brenner Pass.

Accredited representatives of the French and Spanish governments were there, though not a hint of their attendance leaked out. It was the most comprehensive Axis war council ever held, also the most important, in that it set the ball rolling which led to the Axis onslaught on Russia. Here are the details as gathered by Klausmann:

When Hitler's train reached Brennero, Mussolini, flanked by dignitaries, stood on the platform extending the Fascist salute. Presently, in the salon car of Mussolini's train, Hitler was introduced to one other personage, a solemn and mysterious figure—a deeply religious man. This man then withdrew and the two dictators were left alone together. Details of their conversation are known only as later told by Hitler to several of his aides.

According to this account, Mussolini inquired about Hitler's understanding with Darlan, especially with reference to Italian territorial claims. Hitler said he had guaranteed the integrity of French territory in Europe and Africa,

itler Declared War On Russia

An amazing account of what led to history's greatest surprise — and how Hess and his flight figured in it

to reconcile the Italian people to the German alliance. Any agreement with Russia would, to them, be unthinkable. Fascism's rise had been due almost entirely to its fight against Bolshevism. Reconciliation with that enemy would undermine the foundations on which both Fascism and Nazism were erected. Indeed, Hitler must be mad.

The Führer replied calmly that he was anything but mad. England and France were trying to conclude an alliance with Russia against the Axis. Mussolini had promised expansion to the Italian people, as Hitler had to the Germans. If England and France tied up with Russia, both Mussolini and Hitler would be through. The western Powers had not yet succeeded because they were unwilling to pay Stalin's price. He, Hitler, could have an understanding by paying the price.

Mussolini asked what the price would be. When told that it included the assignment of Finland, the Baltic states, and Bessarabia to the Russian sphere of influence, plus the outright giving of the eastern half of Catholic Poland to the Soviets, he was enraged. He pointed out that Italy was a 100-

tually rattled his scabbard almost at will—until his army's collapse.

After that, he arrived at Berchtesgaden on an icy winter day, a thoroughly beaten man. For long hours Hitler lectured him, then sent him to bed. After a sleepless night, during which he rang at intervals for medicine, he was informed that Italy would receive help, but that henceforth no Italian move could be undertaken without the consent of the Nazi Supreme Command.

Hitler now had to win the war in 1941 or face a starving, revolutionary continent. Rectifying the Italian collapse had cost him three precious months. Speed was imperative if he was to confront England and America with the accomplishment of his New Order in Europe. Without France and her colonies he could not include Spain and Portugal. Without Russia it would be an economically weak structure, insufficiently impressive.

He decided to tackle France himself, leaving Russia to von Ribbentrop for the time being. He had just reached his understanding with Admiral Darlan when the Hess affair crashed into his

subject to Mussolini's approval. He said Italy would receive compensations: Dalmatia, overlordship over Croatia and Montenegro, virtual hegemony over Greece. In addition, Italy could count upon African territories. When the dictators went back to Hitler's train, they appeared to have reached an accord.

The French and Spanish representatives were then invited to speak for their governments. The Frenchman said France could pull through on current food rations until October, but further survival depended entirely on whatever provisions the Axis war economy could arrange for in the meantime. Reconquest of African territories that had seceded to General de Gaulle could not get under way until late in September.

The Spaniard stated that any participation of his country in the New Order, involving military operations on Spanish territory, was entirely dependent on Germany's ability to feed the Spanish people. The two men then retired and the Axis war council got under way.

(Continued on page 50)

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

A Very Blind Date

Adventure! . . . The exciting story of a lovely lady who wasn't what she seemed

BY ROYAL BROWN

☆ IN mid-August the sun rises early in New York, but that is because he has a date. To Pete Havens, who was seldom abroad before nine o'clock, the city seemed practically deserted. He had risen, along with the sun, because he had a date, too. A blind one. At the Pennsylvania Station. Where the Grapefruit Special or Orange Blossom Flyer, or whatever the train from Florida was called now, would arrive at six forty.

It was now six thirty-nine and the porters surged toward the gates. Pete remained in neutral, looking as if he had not made up his mind, even yet, as to whether he'd shift into forward or go into reverse.

The train came in, passengers spilled out. A blonde who might be Chloe Woodbridge got a moment of study from Pete. But she wore no orchid and she went straight to a slickly attired young man who looked like a night-club entertainer.

"Did poppa miss momma?" she asked, as she kissed him.

Pete turned his eyes back to the tide flowing in from Florida and points between. And saw Chloe. Or anyway she wore an orchid. She also fitted the description given in the telegram in Pete's pocket. This had also come from Florida, where Jud Tyler was doing a stretch in military intelligence.

It read:

MEET MISS AMERICA ALIAS CHLOE WOODBRIDGE GAMMA GLAMOUR GIRL FROM STATE MAY BE PARADISE IN WINTER BUT HELL JUST NOW TAKE IT FROM ME PERIOD SHE ARRIVES PENNSY STATION 6.40 AM TOMORROW YES I SAID AM BUT WELL WORTH MEETING EVEN IF YOU STAY UP ALL NIGHT PERIOD POLICE DESCRIPTION IS BLONDE FIVE FEET FOUR INCHES WEIGHT ONE TWELVE EYES BLUE PLUS PIQUANT NOSE WHICH GETS HER INTO TROUBLE AND PROBABLY WILL YOU PERIOD SHE WILL WEAR ORCHID IF YOU HAVE NICE FRESH ONE PUT ABOARD WHEREVER FLORIST SUGGESTS AND IF YOU DON'T YOU WILL NEVER FORGIVE YOURSELF

That filled one yellow sheet and would have sufficed anybody except Jud. Jud was just getting his second wind. There was another page. That read:

SHE RATES ORCHID AND SAILS AT MIDNIGHT FOR CUBA BUT IF TRAIN IS ON TIME YOU WILL HAVE SEVENTEEN DIAMOND STUDDED HOURS TO ENJOY HER COMPANY AND MOURN HER DEPARTURE PERIOD I HAVE SECURED THIS OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME FOR YOU BY ASSURING HER THAT YOU WILL NOT ASK ANY QUESTIONS ABOUT HER PAST PRESENT OR FUTURE AND ALSO BY TELLING HER THAT YOU ARE TALL DARK AND DEVASTATING HEAVEN FORGIVE ME PERIOD BE SURE AND CARRY YOUR MINICAM FOR SHE IS EXTREMELY PHOTOGENIC AND LOVES TO HAVE HER PICTURE TAKEN PERIOD NOW FORGET YOUR DOUBTS AND INHIBITIONS AND GO ALL OUT FOR GOD FOR COUNTRY AND FOR YALE

All of which was characteristic of Jud. Jud had gone to Yale with Pete, he was one of Pete's best friends. He was one of those guys who would give his shirt to a friend. The only reason that there wouldn't be fish-hooks stuck in the shirt here and there would be because Jud would think of a better idea.

Meaning that Jud loved a practical joke. And that when he was building one nobody could trust him. Or believe anything he said. Either verbally or by wire.

Pete, reading the wire, had suspected there would be a pay-off somewhere. He had come just because he was curious; he had his fingers crossed. It wouldn't have surprised him if a colored mammy had stepped off the train wearing an orchid.

Instead there was Chloe. Pete didn't exactly blink; he just made sure that his eyes were working all right. Then he went into high.

The morning was cool and fresh. So was Chloe. They shook hands. Her slim fingers were tanned. So was she, a gold-lacquered blonde.

There was a catch to this, but Pete uncrossed his fingers for a moment, reverted to type—back to the day when his days had been full of girls like Chloe. When he had been just an insurance engineer, nothing more. But doing very nicely, thank you. Before he became one of the Four Hundred. Made up of men picked from insurance circles to combat sabotage and safeguard industry in all ways. For not even a dollar a year. Just a big honor.

"Lucky bum," Jud had remarked. "Me, I kiss the girls good-by and go where duty calls me. And you stick around New York, dating up all the newest and nicest numbers."

Duty had called him to Florida.

"And lucky for me that I'm in the army," he had written. "I've got me a place to sleep anyway. That's something. They are building this camp next door to a town of 2,500 minus pop., and you ought to see that town now. Men sleeping in garages, jaloppies, park benches everywhere, as the workers and job hunters pour in. You'd have to see it to believe it. Juke joints, saloons, Coney Island stuff going full blast. Crime waves and what not. A lot of Communists around and some dirty work at several crossroads. The police department is running around in circles. They've got a rogues' gallery with one feature that would surprise you. I'll bet you'd love hanging around there. A lot to delight your eye. Equipment all very much up to date. They even have what they call a gun camera. It hitches onto a six-shooter and, believe it or not, you get a picture every time you pull the trigger. Ever hear of one?"

Pete had. Some sort of gadget that used eight-millimeter movie film.

"I want to take a picture by myself," she said, fending off his reaching hand.

Fixed focus and shutter speed. He'd never seen one, though, and had no idea why Jud would be interested. He had never been interested much in photography.

"Photography's all right for you, Pete," Jud had said. "Of course, if you haven't any sex appeal, taking pictures is as much of a highway to a girl's heart as cooking is supposed to be to a man's. Me, I just pick them and unleash the old personality."

Jud could still pick them. Look at Chloe Woodbridge. Pete did, across the breakfast table. She might be twenty, twenty-two, even twenty-five maybe. It was hard to tell. A man couldn't judge a woman's age the way he could a horse's, by her teeth. Hers were good and they were doing a good job at the moment on ham and eggs. She looked as if she might be deb or Junior League stuff. But all women managed to look that way nowadays.

According to Jud, she was sailing for Cuba at midnight. But was she? You never could tell about Jud. Why the trip North when she could have flown over? Jud had said "no questions." But maybe he could ask her that one.

"I wanted to see New York," she explained. "And I don't know anybody here, so Jud said maybe you wouldn't mind showing me about."

☆ NICE of Jud. Or was it? If Jud handed you something that looked nice on a platter, look out for the platter. Either you'd need asbestos gloves or it would land something messy in your lap.

Pete asked, "How well do you know Jud?"

"Jud? Oh, he's been in and out of the shop a lot."

"Shop?" Pete echoed.

She seemed to catch herself there. Or maybe that was just because Pete was looking for something. The catch.

"My father runs a men's furnishing shop," she explained. "He's doing about thirty times the business he ever did before. He wakes up mornings and pinches himself."

An answer to his question. And—maybe—the answer to Chloe as well—her smart luggage, the frock she wore, the trip she was taking. Marvelous country, America. War made small-town magnates out of men's furnishing-store owners. Dressed their daughters like Park Avenue. Gave them the authentic debutante touch.

Big capitalists might make the wars, as Hitler maintained. But if so, which Pete doubted, it was the big capitalists who had the headaches. Big capitalists and him, Pete.

Labor got better wages, small-town merchants and manufacturers got their slices. But the big shots were on the spot. Plants could be blitzkrieged without aid of airplanes. Sand worked into machinery. Or a pinch of emery here, a kerosene-soaked rag there. And suddenly hell to pay. Production stalled. The sort of thing he and 399 other men were supposed to prevent. Swell job!

Recommending fire walls in plane plants, suggesting safeguards in the handling of chemicals and explosives were right down an old Sheff man's alley. Doping out wire fences, lights, and electric eyes didn't keep a man awake nights.

What did keep a man awake nights, give him a permanent headache, was the fact that slapping a lot of small guys down, putting out fires, getting machinery going again, got you exactly nowhere. It was like clipping the toenails off of an octopus and leaving the head intact. The small guys got their ideas from somebody else. Who?

Try to figure it out. But keep aspirins handy. Or take a day off; try an aspirin of another sort. One like Chloe Woodbridge.

An August day in New York. The taxi had an open roof and Chloe could see the tall buildings without stretching her neck too much; New York was a nice place to show Chloe and Chloe was nice to show to New York. What they did, what they saw wasn't so much fun of itself; doing and seeing together was fun.

Pete suggested this and that. Admitting, privately, that Jud was right. She *was* photogenic. She made a picture across the table at lunch.

By then New York was hot and noisy and dusty. But Chloe was still fresh. Maybe New York wouldn't seem hot to a girl from Florida. But she did say she'd like a swim, and when Pete suggested Jones Beach, she said she'd love it.

"But I haven't any bathing suit," she added.

"That's against the law," he told her. "But you can hire one at the beach."

"Oh, no, I can't," she said firmly. "I'll buy one, thank you."

They bought one. At a drugstore. It was made of rubber and it cost $1.98. But when he saw her in it Pete congratulated himself that he had detoured to pick up his minicam.

☆ AT Jones Beach there are lots of things to take pictures of. Two big bathhouses. Sixty-five lifeguards. A boardwalk. Roller-skating rinks. Outdoor cafeterias. Bathers. The ocean. So Pete took a lot of pictures of Chloe. Before she dipped and afterward. He kept on taking pictures until she finally rebelled.

"You must have innumerable ones already—"

"No, I've still got two exposures left."

"Save them. You might see something worth taking."

"I have," he told her. "Why not run the film out?"

Instead she sat down. "Evidently Jud is more of a liar than I guessed, and you *are* good with a minicam," she remarked. "*He* said you bought a good camera and only got one picture out of forty."

"He would," Pete remarked.

She picked up sand, let it stream from her fingers. "What did he say about me?"

"That you were a gamma glamour girl—and that you sail for Cuba at midnight. I still hope that's only half true."

"Which half?" she asked.

"You wouldn't want me to think a girl from Florida wasn't smart enough to know, would you?" Pete asked.

He looked at her. So did a guy who was passing by. He wasn't in a bathing suit. He looked like an illustration of what the well dressed young man about town might wear not just at Jones Beach but at Miami or Bar Harbor.

"Don't look now," murmured Pete, "but the sartorial achievement that just cast a shadow between you and the sea has come to roost about ten feet to your left. I suspect he is wishing you were alone."

☆ CHLOE gave him a swift glance. Then, inevitably, she looked to her left. It seemed to Pete some time before her eyes came back to meet his. They were as blue as ever but they seemed startled.

Her voice, too, had a different quality somehow when she said, "He looks like Charles Boyer, doesn't he? A little, I mean."

"Very little—sort of a cheap reprint maybe."

She reached for his minicam. "How does it work?"

"Let me show you," he said hastily, feeling as a young mother does when her baby is held by an inexpert stranger.

"I want to take a picture all by myself," she said, fending off his reaching hand.

"It will be a picture all of yourself if you aim it that way," he assured her. "Look out—that sets the shutter—"

Again she evaded his hands. "Like this?" she asked.

He nodded, still a bit apprehensive.

"Do you press this to take a picture?" she asked—and pressed it.

"You do," Pete assured her. "And you have taken a picture. Or would have if it had been in focus. Of the guy on your left—"

"Oh, tell me what I did wrong," she said.

Pete told her. She went through all the motions again. Started to take a picture of the ocean.

"You're not focused for the ocean," Pete told her.

So she paused, looked at the camera. Then:

"Oh—it went off again!" she said.

"And it's loaded," he reminded her. "If you really want a picture of the guy who doesn't look much like Charles Boyer, why not ask him to send you one? I doubt if you have gotten anything worth framing yet."

"How would I know how it worked?" she asked.

"You wouldn't," Pete agreed. He reached for the camera. Explaining, "That's the end of the strip."

"You've got another, haven't you?" she asked.

He admitted it. But it was in his coat, in the bathhouse.

"Please get it," she said.

He obeyed. As a gentleman should, or anyway as an unthinking fool would. Because when he got back she was gone. So was the guy who looked something like Charles Boyer—but not much. And so was about four hundred bucks of minicam.

Pete might have called a cop. Instead, he sat down. Next to the inevitable X which marked the spot, approximately, where Chloe should have been.

He had known all along that there was an out to this. The trouble was he had forgotten to keep his fingers crossed. He was obviously in the midst of one of Jud's practical jokes, but he couldn't guess what it was all about.

He tried to. Sitting on Jones Beach. Glowering. Then:

"Oh, rats!" remarked Pete explosively, and rose and brushed the sand from himself.

Two matrons from Great Neck, whose offspring were ducking while they engaged in hen talk, gave him reproving glances. They missed their mark. Pete was going away from there. To the bathhouse to dress. And then to buy himself a drink. He felt the need of something like that. He knew where he could get one.

So, obviously, did the guy who looked less and less like Charles Boyer to Pete every second. He was in a booth, and, unless Chloe was twins, so was she. He held a small mirror for her while she retouched the red adventurous line of her mouth. They looked very cozy, but Pete decided to crash.

"Excuse it, please," he said, in a voice that he hoped was velvet polite yet definitely selvaged with sarcasm. "I hate to interrupt, but since I last saw you there is something about me that's missing."

Chloe looked up, her mouth very red and her blue eyes very blue. She obviously had not expected Pete to find her here; even Jud, a master mechanic of a one-man practical-joke factory, couldn't have foreseen or arranged that.

She recovered herself, however. Quickly. Turned to her pick-up.

"Friend of yours?" she asked.

He grinned. He was, obviously, one of those males that women fall for. He had the assurance, the air of proprietorship of a man who knows his way about women.

"Don't wish him on me," he said. "He seems to think he's a friend of yours."

"Maybe I knew him in high school," Chloe remarked. "Ask him, please. I'm busy."

She returned to her business. Lipstick business.

"She says maybe you went to high school with her," said her escort, still grinning.

He was enjoying this. Very sure of himself.

Pete's lips tightened but he controlled himself. "What I miss," he explained, "is a camera. It wasn't a family heirloom but I hoped it might be. It represents about a four-hundred-dollar investment—"

Chloe held her lipstick poised, turned to her companion.

"Would that camera he's raving about be the one we found on the beach?" she asked. Without waiting for him to answer she looked at Pete. Wide-eyed. "We left it at Lost and Found. If it's *that* camera, you'll find it there."

Pete just looked at her. Unable to comprehend her.

"On your way," she snapped. "Else next time we meet it will be in the rogues' gallery."

Pete said, "Oh, is that a date?"

"Sure," she said. "That's where I take all my pictures. Swell subjects. Except that they never look pleasant."

Pete swallowed. Something that probably wasn't going to help his digestion much.

"I'll phone and see if the camera *is* there," he said in a tone that suggested it had better be. It was. He drove back and identified it. Then he drove to New York and dined. Alone.

The city was bathed in sunset glow when he finished. A languorous lazy night. But Pete went to his apartment. Took up a sheaf of reports on sabotage activities, tried to put his mind on them.

They made a pattern. There was a technique to them, as if they stemmed from the same source. Pete couldn't put it in words, but he had a hunch. Not a happy one. If he was right, it meant you didn't look for an alien. More likely some young American Communist.

In a way, that was not his headache. He wasn't a spy and he certainly was no detective. But he hated to have things happen in plants he felt responsible for.

Aliens were fingerprinted and known. Young American Communists were not. Heaven only knew how many there were. They bred everywhere. In classrooms and in steel plants. They were smart, some of them.

He pushed the reports to one side, rose and stretched. His eye fell on his minicam. He picked it up, took off the back, and stared incredulously. He had intended to remove the cartridge, but it wasn't there.

More mystery. But what of it? He wasn't in a mood to treasure any of the pictures he had snapped of her, and he certainly would not miss the frames she had shot in the direction of her pick-up.

He turned to the window, looked out across New York. A carnival of lights spreading across what was probably the last carnival city in the world.

Then he reconsidered. No, there were still Chicago, Los Angeles, Havana. Chloe was sailing for Havana at midnight—or was she? Jud had said so in his wire. But—

"Woodbridge—Miss Chloe?" a voice repeated, in answer to his phone call. "Just a minute. Oh, yes. C Deck. Want her stateroom number?"

Pete didn't. He hung up, glanced at his wrist watch. Two hours and twenty-four minutes before she sailed. What of it? He went back to the window. New York was full of people. The hot August night was full of the noises they and their activities made.

At luncheon Chloe had said, "The noise? It doesn't seem as bad as back home, somehow. And it's a nicer noise. I can't explain it, but—"

But she had gone on and done a fairly good job, after all:

"It's more of a grown-up noise. It seems part of New York. Just as a big whistle would be right on an ocean liner. But back home it's more like a big whistle on a little tiny boat."

She had also said, "At first, dad was excited about business possibilities. Now he's worried about the possibility of epidemics and conditions all over town. It's so sort of rough and tough. New York isn't like that. Not the same way."

☆ THAT she could and did talk like that had been part of her charm. She had depth to her, he had felt. Up to the minute when she had ditched him.

He couldn't figure that out. What had Jud said to her? "Listen. An old roommate of mine is in New York—Pete Havens. I'll wire him to meet you. Then you pick up somebody somewhere, walk out on him—"

It didn't add up. Pete might be a fool, but he couldn't see a girl like Chloe having any part of it. Besides, Jud could do better than that.

(Continued on page 47)

THE AUTHOR

ROYAL BROWN, born in Boston, was a reporter and a newspaper editor before he turned to fiction. He is the author of several books and short stories and articles. He likes fast boats in summer and skiing in winter and has a house at Plymouth, New Hampshire, with a lake on one hand and a ski slope on the other.

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Why I Published The Fritz Thysse

Where is Thyssen now? . . . The dramatic story behind a remarkable Liberty series

BY EMERY REVES

☆ THIS extraordinary manuscript has an extraordinary story. And this story must be told.

When, at the outbreak of the war in September, 1939, Fritz Thyssen, the great German industrialist, fled from Germany to Switzerland, almost all the newspapers, magazines, syndicates, and publishers of the world tried to obtain his memoirs, or at least the true story of his rupture with Hitler and his escape from Nazi Germany.

The story of the man who was the greatest industrial power in Germany, who was an ardent German nationalist, who organized the passive resistance in the Ruhr in 1923; the man who for more than fifteen years backed Hitler and financed his movement—the story of the great German capitalist who helped the Nazis into power, because he believed they were the people who could save his country from Bolshevism, and who have now confiscated all his property—is indeed one of the most unusual stories of this world crisis.

In this great competition among publishers to obtain Thyssen's memoirs, I took part myself, and it happened that I won. I would like to tell in a few lines why and how.

During the past ten years I have directed in Paris an international newspaper syndicate called "Coöperation." The program of this organization was to unite the leading international statesmen and to publish their views on international affairs all over the world. My first contributors were Lord Cecil, Sir Austen Chamberlain, Arthur Henderson, Paul Painlevé, Louis Loucheur, Henri de Jouvenel, and some others. As the organization grew in the years before the war, it obtained an almost monopolistic position in handling the exclusive world rights of the articles of about a hundred leading statesmen such as Winston Churchill, Anthony Eden, Alfred Duff Cooper, Lord Samuel, Major Attlee, Hugh Dalton, Paul Reynaud, Edouard Herriot, Léon Blum, P. E. Flandin, Yvon Delbos, and many others from England, France, Spain, Belgium, Scandinavia, and the Balkans.

These articles, issued almost daily, have been printed all over the world in some 400 newspapers in about seventy countries. The American public may recall these articles published before the war in the United States by a group of over twenty leading independent newspapers from coast to coast, headed by the New York Herald Tribune. [Liberty readers will also remember the series of articles, published in 1939, by Anthony Eden. These, too, were obtained through Dr. Reves, working with an American representative.]

I have tried to present all the conflicting views of Europe and have often published also the articles of the Fascist spokesman, Virginio Gayda, inasmuch as it was possible for us to print also, from time to time, foreign articles in Italian newspapers. But I have never published Nazi articles. In fact, as the crisis grew, the policy of my organization became more and more openly anti-Nazi, until it was probably the only organization of this kind fighting Nazi influence and the Goebbels machine on the European continent. These publications must have had some effect, as one day I received the highest tribute from Hitler himself when, in his first speech after the Munich agreement, at Saarbrücken, he shouted hysterically that "this propaganda by Churchill, Eden, and Duff Cooper must stop! . . ."

I am obliged to mention this be-

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ARRANGEMENT

I.– M. Thyssen transfert à M. Reves les droits exclusifs de publication dans le monde entier de ses "Mémoires" actuellement en préparation, dont le titre est à déterminer.

Fritz Thyssen

Monte-Carlo, le 29. IV. 40.

E. Reves

The formal arrangement. In English it would read: "M. Thyssen transfers to M. Reves the exclusive rights of publication, throughout the entire world, of his Memoirs, at present in preparation, the title of which is to be decided upon."

World copyright by Liberty and "Coöperation." [illegible]

cause in connection with the Thyssen memoirs I shall have to make a few statements which, under the circumstances, can be proved only by my past record.

When Thyssen arrived in Locarno he was unable to reply to any request for publication because he had given his word of honor to the Swiss government that while residing in Swiss territory he would refrain from any declaration or publication. Consequently I did not think it would be of any use to go to see him myself and therefore tried to approach him through various friends. I received no encouragement whatsoever. In March, 1940, Thyssen went from Switzerland to Brussels to visit his dying mother, and I learned that from Brussels he would go to Paris.

On April 3 I received in my office in Paris a telephone call from the Sunday Express in London and the Paris Soir, newspapers with whom I long have had business relations, saying that they had been doing their utmost to obtain the story of Mr. Thyssen but were unable to approach him. They asked me whether I could help them.

I immediately went to see M. Paul Reynaud, who was Minister of Foreign Affairs as well as Premier. I explained to him the political importance of the publication of Thyssen's memoirs and he emphatically agreed with me. The problem was how to persuade Thyssen to write and publish without further delay. I told M. Reynaud that I knew the man who could introduce me to Thyssen and who could probably persuade him to entrust the publication of his memoirs to me. Unfortunately this man was in London, and it was extremely difficult in view of the existing censorship and prohibition of international telephone calls to put him in touch with Thyssen. M. Reynaud charged one of his attachés to help me and permitted me to use the telephone line of the Quai d'Orsay to the French Embassy in London.

I spent a most dramatic day and almost a whole night in the attaché's room at the Quai d'Orsay. I left M. Reynaud's office about the same time as the Paris-Brussels express, on which Thyssen was to travel, left Brussels. As we did not know where Thyssen was staying in Paris, the Sûreté was charged to report on his movements. We received about half-hourly messages: "Thyssen crossed the frontier," "Thyssen passed St. Quentin," "Thyssen arrived at the Gare du Nord," and, finally, "Mr. and Mrs. Thyssen arrived at the Crillon Hotel."

I immediately attempted to arrange a telephone communication between Thyssen and our common friend in London, but it took almost twenty-four hours before we succeeded. Finally they were both on the telephone, talking without censorship interference on the official line of the French Foreign Ministry. The following day I received a note from Mr. Thyssen asking me to come and see him at the Crillon.

Our first meeting was very cordial and lasted almost two hours. He said that he was prepared to publish immediately the letters which he addressed to Hitler, Göring, and other officials after his rupture with the Nazis and in which he explained why he had left Germany. In fact, he had already sent these letters to a friend of his in America with a view to publishing them. He said he would be glad if these letters could also be printed in England, in France, and as many other countries as possible, but that he would not like to publish anything more at the moment.

I saw Thyssen every day while he was in Paris. I quite openly put before him the question, "Do you want to help us destroy Hitler or not?" When his reply was an unconditional "Yes," I tried to make him agree with me that the things he had to say and the documents and material he possessed must be published during the war and not after, if they were to have their full effect.

After the third or fourth conversation, he understood that we were in the middle of the war against Hitlerism and that there was no use having

(Continued on page 33)

anuscript

EMERY REVES

NEXT WEEK!

Liberty begins publication of

FRITZ THYSSEN'S MEMOIRS

Startling sensational revelations from behind the scenes in Germany under the title of

I PAID HITLER'S WAY TO POWER

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

My Life in the

Hollywood star tells all! A lively, heartening revelation of how things look to an actor who became a soldier

☆ ON the last day of every month —that's payday in the army— I mail a letter to my business agent in Hollywood. I enclose $2.10 in cash, which is exactly 10 per cent of my salary. I also register a few pointed complaints.

I tell him my deal in the army isn't all it should be. I'm not getting enough salary. I have no privacy in my dressing room. The costumers aren't doing right by me. And my part isn't nearly big enough.

It's all strictly a gag, understand. I really like it in the army. In fact, I'm having the time of my life.

Before I left, I got the same consoling cliché dropped, I imagine, in the ear of every recruit. "The army will do you a world of good."

Well—it may be a cliché, but it's also the truth. I've been in Uncle Sam's army less than four months at this writing. It already has done me a world of good.

I've never felt better in my life. I eat like an artillery horse. I sleep like a baby. I haven't influenced many people but I've made a lot of friends. Maybe I haven't taught too much to the rookies I march around, but as one rookie myself I've learned plenty. Including how to rub a high shine on a pair of issue kicks and how to divine (sometimes) the inner workings of a top sergeant's mind—which is pretty important.

What's more important, I've learned a few things I'm afraid I had forgot —about the flag and what it stands for.

Like most Americans, I had been taking my patriotism pretty much for granted these last few years. Maybe I even scoffed a little at the old familiar American creeds and slogans. Maybe I thought they were a little corny. When I felt a patriotic thrill coming on, I'd choke it back, a little embarrassed. Flag waving, I thought.

I don't feel that way now. Nobody in the army feels that way. There are regulars around me who have been soldiers most of their lives. You'd think they'd get a little fed up on patriotism. But when they salute the flag they're sober, reverent, and proud. They know what it means.

I've been asked sometimes what impresses me most about the army. I think it is this and the importance every seasoned soldier gives to his job, from the lowest noncom to the post commandant.

The army life isn't romantic. No life can be where you rise and shine at five thirty, eat supper—I mean chow—at four o'clock, and crawl willingly into the hay at nine.

I've run up against a few newspaper items about what I'm going to do in the army. I've read, so far, that I'm going to make a personal-appearance tour of the army camps; that I'm set for a trip around the colleges of the country talking up army life; and that I'm going to be an aerial photographer in the motion-picture division of the Air Corps.

The above is all very interesting. But right now I don't know anything about it. I do know that what I'm going to do in the army is what I qualify myself to do.

A barracks mate of mine was a radio operator before the army got him. He studied service technique. Just the other day he was ordered to Wright Field, in Dayton, Ohio, with a good rating. Another new army pal was a mechanic in civilian life. One had worked in a machine shop. Still another came out of the CCC. They're all studying something in their spare time. You can learn almost any trade or profession in the army at the expense of Uncle Sam.

For myself, I hope eventually to get on a flying status. I volunteered for selective service, so I got to pick the Air Corps. I flew my own plane in Hollywood and I had enough hours to hold a commercial pilot's license. Why, then, can't I hop right into a pursuit plane and take off?

The answer is, of course: I'm not qualified to be a flight pilot. It's something you have to work for. Only officers fly army planes. Fortunately, I'm eligible to apply for a commission as a reserve officer. If I can pass the tests, I may be sent to an Air Corps training school as flying cadet and later win my wings. If I do, I'll earn them. You aren't just appointed to promotions in the army; you get what you earn.

Right now my job is drilling recruits. Moffett Field is an Air Corps replacement center. There are always six or seven hundred recruits. They have to be drilled four to six hours a day. You can't be a soldier right away. It takes time and training.

Take the corporal's stripes I wear today. I don't rate them officially. I'm just an acting corporal. You have to have at least four months' service before you can be the real thing.

It took two months before I was fit to drill a squad. And even then—well, my first command was to march a detail of twelve men to the hospital. I managed "Forward march!" with only a trace of squeakiness. The test came a minute later when I had to change the line of march—or else climb my squad over a tractor.

The hospital was to the right. The command was "Right face!" The tractor loomed up. All I could think was, How do I stop these guys? Finally I blurted out, "Left face!"—and marched my men smack into the barracks wall. It was exactly like a movie comedy. Only it wasn't funny. That is, to me it wasn't. It was awful.

Speaking of movies, my Hollywood past has contacted my army career just once, so far. One night Philadelphia Story played in our post theater. I didn't have the nerve to take it in. I bowled that night instead. The alley is right underneath the theater. I hooked my one and only Academy "Oscar" for Philadelphia Story. So in between frames the ham in me came out and I kept one ear cocked to see whether my buddies approved.

After the show I was a little nervous but prepared for anything. All they wanted to know was: When Cary Grant socked me in the picture, how did I keep from being knocked out? And—was the champagne real or phony?

I don't know yet what they think of me as an actor. It's not really important. I'd rather know what they think of me as a soldier.

The one resolution I made, in fact, on entering the army, was to make my way on my own, completely apart from the public aura of a screen personality. What public appearances I've made I've made because I wanted to, and because I considered I was making them in line of duty as a soldier, not as a Hollywood figure.

Of course I was just as much a problem to the army, when I first arrived, as the army was to me. The other recruits shied from me a bit. That was natural; I expected it. However, I didn't expect the tension to vanish in quite the strenuous manner it did.

That was on my second day at Fort MacArthur. We formed for our mail each morning. Mine had somehow overlapped from the studio. That was

bad. The sergeant lined us up and called our names. Each recruit stepped out of ranks to get his mail.

"Stewart!"

I stepped out of ranks. The sarge transfixed me with a withering eye, as only a regular army sarge can. He handed me a letter. "One letter," he said slowly.

I returned to the ranks. I was a step away.

"Stewart!"

I stepped out again. "Two letters," the sarge tolled.

There were ten letters. I marched back and forth ten times, waxing redder by the letter and resolving to do something about the mail situation. When it was over, though, the grins told me things were O. K. You can't stand off from a guy you've got on the pan*.

As a matter of fact, familiarity is inevitable in the army, just as privacy is impossible.

I sleep in a barracks room with thirty other men; I wash my teeth alongside fifty others, stow army chow with several hundred more. I play volleyball, bowl, drink beer, wash dishes, drill, and dance (every other Friday), and always have plenty of company.

Probably the hardest habit for an army recruit to acquire is matutinal speed. At least, that was hardest for this recruit. I'm a morning piddler by nature and long habit. In Hollywood I used to take two full hours each morning to shower, shave, eat breakfast, read the papers, romp with my dog and generally fool around. If I had an eight-o'clock studio call I got up at six. I couldn't make it any other way. That is, I thought so.

In the army I have fifteen minutes to report for breakfast scrubbed, shaved, and dressed, or else there isn't any breakfast. After that there's a luxurious half hour to make up my bunk as tight as a drumhead, tidy up, sweep out, stow my clothes in regulation order, and fall in for roll call. If I'm late—well, there's always K. P., and K. P. is all they say it is.

Of course I gripe sometimes. Beefing is the inalienable right of every American buck private. We beef about the food, the uniforms, duties, pay—everything.

The food is really good, well cooked, plain but plentiful. We eat it in a vast messroom, cafeteria style. You can take as much as you like, but you have to eat it. There's a fine art in coming out even. Especially after a morning's hard drill when you load enough on your tray for a platoon.

The uniforms—well, they're fine, too, if they fit. You can't always depend on a custom-tailored job, although sometimes the measurements lead you to that false hope.

Yes, there are plenty of gripes a soldier can dig up, if he's looking around for them. But when you stand retreat in the evening and hear the clear notes of the bugle sound To the Colors, and you're at attention as the flag comes down—you forget little things but the big things become important. You're conscious of a certain pride in what you're doing.

I'm even prouder of that than I am of the fact that the regulars no longer give me that disdainful "rookie" look when I shuffle by—at least, not every time.

As for Oscar and the other pride of my civilian life, my English setter Bud, they're both in safe keeping with my parents in Pennsylvania. I'm getting along with my chevrons for prestige, and for canine companionship there's Colonel, our Newfoundland mascot. They'll do for the duration. I'm not thinking beyond that.

The other week-end, on a visit to Hollywood, I dropped in the office of this friend and business agent of mine, Leland Hayward. Another Hollywood acquaintance saw me there and his eyes popped in surprise.

"I thought you were in the army! What are you doing here?"

"I'm laying the foundations for my screen comeback seven years from now," I told him.

That was strictly a gag. I hope it's not that long. But when you're in the army you don't worry about things like that. They take care of themselves—or some one takes care of them for you.

All I know is that right now I'm cast in the greatest show on earth. And whatever I do, I have a hunch I'll be playing the part of my life.

THE END

* [EDITOR'S NOTE: A mail scene very similar to the one Stewart actually experienced provides one of the highlights in Bob Hope's Caught in the Draft.]

rmy

BY JIMMY STEWART

Acting Corporal, Ninth Air Base, Moffett Field, California

Johnny Allenby and the Beautiful

A gay, delectable tale of a young Lochinvar who came out of the North and tilted a lance for love

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

☆ MAJOR BEN TOOMBS, unreconstructed editor of the Wade County Weekly Gold Mine, inserted the last damn in his editorial, put the stick in the galley, and leaded it out so nobody would have any trouble reading it. His granddaughter Cathie did most of the typesetting for him, but Cathie insisted on writing the stuff on the typewriter first, the way she learned off at journalism school. That was all right for social notes and birth announcements, but it was too soft for Major Ben's fire-and-brimstone editorials. He set them up himself in smoking, sizzling eight-point bold italics, composing as he went along. The case was getting low on h's and e's and l's, too, when he got through on Wednesday nights.

This editorial was titled Wade County Will Damn Well NOT Join the Union. Hell, No! Without compromise it lit into the effort of young Van Courts, running for the legislature from Wade County, to get the popular vote by sponsoring a patriotic move to have the county formally admitted to the Union at long last, in view of the European war and the necessity for a united front under Roosevelt the Great.

Wade County, up in north Georgia, was famous for two things—seceding and staying seceded, and Major Ben's Gold Mine. Quaint quotations from the emphatic Gold Mine appeared in papers all over the country. And the fact that Wade County never went back into the Union after Appomattox was the thing Major Ben advertised himself proudest of.

Major Ben wasn't a Democrat nor a Republican; he was a Secessionist. He had become a Confederate soldier at the age of fifteen; and he was still a Confederate soldier at ninety-five. General Lee and the rest of the grays might have surrendered at the Courthouse, but the battle flag still waved in one rebel outfit. Up to now Major Ben had singlehanded kept Wade County uncontaminated by any Yankee influence.

More in sorrow than in anger he blistered Van Courts' bottom in this week's editorial. For Van was a hometown boy, no Yankee; and he was in love with Catherine. They were probably out somewhere kissin' each other now, grumbled the Major in displeasure as he locked the form. He moved stiffly because of the Yankee bullet nick in his shinbone; but, with the aid of a cane carved out of Kennesaw Mountain dogwood, he got around the shop all right.

He was about to turn out the light and go home for a cup of coffee laced with liquid corn clear as water, that ran down his throat like a hot snake and coiled warmly under his ink-stained vest, when he heard a car stop outside. Now, there were some places where it wasn't unusual for a car to be about at ten thirty on Wednesday night, but Ridgerun, Georgia, in Wade County, wasn't one of them.

Major Ben mentally held the presses and made over the front page to give the nocturnal visitor one of his famous flash bulletins. He knew it was an out-of-town car by the way it stopped. Major Ben could name any car in town by its motor. His ears were as good as when he heard the reluctant bugles blow their heartbreaking retreat from Peachtree Creek. He attributed the keenness of his senses to the sharp edges of the corn likker he habitually sweetened his coffee with. One of his objections to Van Courts was the fact that Van had somewhere acquired the cocktail habit. If a man started drinking that kind of stuff, no telling where he'd end.

Hobbling spryly to the door, Major Ben saw a blue sports coupé drawn up in front of the office, and a young man just stepping out of it. In the stream of yellow light he showed up to be a tall young fellow, loose-jointed, bareheaded, with crinkly red hair.

And he was bound to be a Yankee. Major Ben knew it before he saw the New Jersey license plate. He knew it when the first *r* rolled out in the young man's conversation.

"Ar-r-r-e you Major-r-r Ben Toombs?" The redheaded youth's inquiry burred on his ear. "The editor-r-r of the Gold Mine?"

"Yeah," answered Major Ben unenthusiastically. The redheaded young man came toward him then, holding out his hand as pleasantly as though he too had been born with a cotton boll in his mouth. "I'm John Allenby," he said. "From Album."

"Where's that?" Hospitality demanded that Major Ben stand aside and let the stranger come into the shop. He did so unwillingly, clasping the Yankee hand as briefly as though it held a raw repugnant oyster.

"Well, it's in New York," Johnny Allenby grinned. With every clipped word that came through his straight handsome nose he unconsciously offended Major Ben more deeply. "It's a picture magazine. Edited by Rans W. Hants. He heard about this young lawyer, Van Courts, trying to pull a red-white-and-blue by getting the county into the Union now, after so long. And about how you and your paper are opposing it. So Rans sent me and Old Bess here"—he patted his streamlined Speed Graphic—"to get

Rebel

"Don't renege," he warned her, carrying her to Major Ben.

BY WYLLY FOLK ST. JOHN

some shots for a spread on the place that's still technically under Marse Robert. Will you help me?"

Major Ben was in a quandary. Shrewdly he could see that it would be to his advantage to direct the picture-taking and get the national publicity slanted to his own viewpoint, instead of antagonizing Johnny Allenby and maybe flinging him into Van Courts' arms. But, on the other hand, the fellow hung onto his *r*'s like a drowning politician clutching at a straw vote. It was all Major Ben could do to listen without amputating. His deep-rooted prejudice against Yankees settled itself more comfortably in its niche.

"Haven't I read that you had a pretty girl to help you run the paper?" Innocent of the effect of his too penultimate *r*'s, Johnny Allenby went on making conversation. "You and the Gold Mine are rather famous, you know, sir."

"My granddaughter Catherine." Major Ben spoke stiffly. It had the effect of an introduction; for, suddenly as a hobo breeze in June, Cathie blew in at the door.

She was panting as though she had been running. Her yellow sweater breathed over her swift heart. The slim yellow skirt swirled around her bare knees. The delicate tan of her face and throat was flushed with red. Her dark flying hair was tied back with a yellow ribbon, and her brown eyes questioned the stranger, Johnny Allenby, with the unconscious Eve-old challenge: What could you be to me, young man?

Johnny Allenby answered with his charming candid smile. "Miss Toombs?"

"Catherine Farrell," she corrected.

"I was just telling your grandfather," he said, "that I'm here to make pictures of the place and people for Album magazine. I'd like to have you in some of the pictures," he added with shameless admiration.

"All right," Cathie said, smiling at last, looking straight into his blue eyes. "Come by in the morning and I'll show you the town."

"Right," he said cheerfully. "And now could you direct me to the hotel?"

"There isn't any hotel," Cathie revealed, with two unexpected dimples nudging the corners of her mouth. "But you could come home with us. We've got a spare room." Calmly she ignored the Major's outraged gasp. "Wait for us in the car," she directed.

"Well, thanks," he accepted gracefully, and took himself and his camera outside. As soon as he was gone, Major Ben turned indignantly to Cathie. "But the man's a Yankee!" he protested.

"Well, Yankees have to eat and sleep, the same as white folks," Cathie said calmly.

☆ FOR several days, then, Cathie and Johnny Allenby were constantly together. As a consequence, Van Courts and Major Ben had one thing in common: a deep displeasure.

Catherine liked Johnny. She liked him in spite of the fact that he made her so mad sometimes she wanted to slap him down. His calm assumption of masculine superiority, when she was used to Van's treating her like a pedestaled goddess in porcelain, annoyed her to the point of frenzy. She hadn't liked Van's delicacy of treatment, either; but nobody could expect a woman to be consistent, she told herself reasonably. They were both idiots, Van and Johnny. And the agreeable warmth that envelops a woman who is beloved by two personable young men wrapped her in its complacent rosy haze.

Johnny Allenby made love as though he were kidding, and kidded as though he were making love. He caressed her with words, and then laughed at himself and the words, and even at Cathie.

"Will you marry me?" he said carelessly, stopping his blue coupé on the old covered bridge on Saturday at dusk, when the dimness made a little mysterious world of its own about them. "Will you marry me, darling? I know you don't love me, but you could try. In case you couldn't bear me, there's always a divorce, you know. My motto is, Try everything at least once."

"Including Catherine."

☆ HER voice was hard to force out over the bump in her throat. The leap of her heart uncovered to her, unexpectedly, the fact that she cared about him more than he'd ever know. She was hurt, especially in her center of vanity. He was so cruelly casual, as though one more girl were just nothing. He didn't have to do it that way.

"No, thanks," she said lightly, with supreme effort. "Not for me. I'm going to marry Van Courts."

That would be news to Van, she thought grimly. Van, who had been trying for so long to persuade her that she'd like to be a bride, while she put him off, reluctant to give up the chance of meeting a man who excited her just to look at him, who raced her blood hotly to her cheeks, who gathered her ego together deliciously and then flung it wide—somebody like Johnny Allenby. And now she was superlatively angry with Johnny Allenby for forcing her to make up her mind to marry Van.

Johnny didn't even have the decency to protest her decision vehemently in his own behalf. "Your grandpop won't like that," he said lazily. "Your grandpop thinks there's nothing worse than a Yankee, except a Southerner who turns Yankee. When Courts hopped on the patriotic band wagon he made himself a traitor to that Grand Old Rebel. You can't marry Courts."

"Granddad can't stop me," she said with childish defiance. "I'm over twenty-one, and I can elope with Van, and granddad won't know a thing about it till it's over."

"Oh, yes, he will," Johnny said cheerfully. "I'll tell him."

And Cathie's impotent fury helped her to keep from crying until she was safely alone in her room. Then she stormed into her pillow for fully an hour. A silly, absurd, unnecessary quarrel, she raged at herself.

☆ ON Sunday afternoon Major Ben was puttering around the Gold Mine shop, doing nothing as happily as any old man could, thinking about next week's editorial, to be called The Stars and Bars Forever. He thought he might as well clean some type, so it wouldn't be so bad on Cathie's pink fingernails. He got out the benzine, and was just going to take a good though dirty shirt of his that Cathie had overlooked, that was over in a corner, to tear up for rags, when he heard Johnny Allenby's imperious car outside, tooting like an urgent demanding demon. He hobbled to the door, shouting in heady wrath:

"Shut up! Don't you know it's Sunday, you double-decked young fool? You want to have the whole town down here after me?"

"Major," Johnny Allenby said crisply, "do you want Cathie to marry Van Courts?"

"Hell, no!" Major Ben roared promptly, stabbing the floor with his dogwood cane. "But she's got more sense than that—"

"She's just eloped with him. He got the license last night. It was after hours, but Courts went to school with the Ordinary, or something. Anyhow, they've gone off to get married."

"How do you know?"

"She told me," Johnny answered, his eyes narrowing. "She took good care to tell me. You see, she's doing it only because she loves me and doesn't want to admit it, even to herself."

"You!" The Major grew even purpler. "Why, you—"

"Come on; get in, Major. We've no time to waste on compliments if we want to catch her."

"Why didn't you catch her before she started?" grumbled Major Ben.

"I wanted to give her time to get sorry, and scared, and doubtful about the whole thing," Johnny said tranquilly. "Time to compare me with Van Courts. She's had an hour's start. That ought to be enough. Let's catch her now. She'll be ready to admit she was wrong."

"You don't know Cathie," Major Ben grunted as he climbed into the car. "She never is wrong, so she wouldn't know how to admit it."

"She's wrong this time," Johnny said, thrusting the gearshift into high.

"And why do you want me along? I'm too old to get mixed up in a fight like this one's tunin' up to be."

"No fight. I just wanted you and young Courts to be witnesses at my wedding. I didn't go to school with the Ordinary, it's true," he meditated, "but I managed to get a license just the same. And I brought along a good strong rope to tie her down with, if it's necessary."

"You!" exclaimed the Major futilely, again. "Why, you—you—dam-

yankee! You and Van Courts! I don't know that there's much choice, but—"

"Yes, there is," Johnny said. "And I'm making it. Hang on, Major. Here we go."

☆ THERE was laurel in the mountains, and yellow jessamine, and wild red honeysuckle; but Johnny Allenby and Major Ben Toombs didn't see it on that swift occasion. The blue coupé was taking the narrow muddy roads in its stride, traveling the hills on seven-league tires, screeching a protest when the curves straightened too abruptly.

It was Major Ben who spotted the place where the other car had left the road. His old heart fluttered irregularly, like a weak wind-battling butterfly, when he cried, "Look—a car's gone over right here!"

Johnny Allenby jammed on brakes that seemed to lock the car in midmotion, cracking Major Ben against the windshield. Before he could recover his senses, Johnny was back from the edge, reporting briefly, "It's Courts' car, all right. Turned over in the creek. I'm going down there." He rummaged in the trunk and found that rope he had brought along as a joke. His face was white.

"Hell and damn!" said the Major. "Whose granddaughter is she? Help me out of this thing! I'm going too."

Together they scrambled down the bank.

"Catherine! Cathie! Are you all right? Are you there?"

The little stream rippled silverly down the bank, swirled peaceably around the obstruction of the smashed car, as though overturned autos were indigenous in the creeks of the region. The scene was ominous in its serenity, its air of tranquil horror.

Then at the same time Major Ben and Johnny heard a piercing shriek and smelled a penetrating smell.

"Corn likker," said Major Ben knowledgeably.

"Cathie!" said Johnny Allenby.

The innocent purling stream was cut with at least ninety-proof mountain dew, the dumpings from some generous Blue Ridge still. And the quiet car held at least one living female able to scream about it.

Johnny waded to the car first. He took in, quickly, the situation. Cathie was pinned within the car, holding her head with difficulty out of the mash-tinged water, and holding her temper with even more difficulty. Van Courts was not there. The uppermost door of the Tudor sedan was crumpled so that it couldn't be opened, but the glass had been broken out.

"Where's the bridegroom?" Johnny queried cheerfully, when he had assured himself by her expression that Cathie was more angry than hurt.

"He squeezed out of that window to go for help," Cathie snapped. "He got panicky. And he's no bridegroom, either. And he probably never will be. He couldn't get me out of this sickening water—" She almost wailed it.

"Ah!" said Johnny detachedly. He stared at her brightly, his eyes flag-blue and contemplative. "Are you very uncomfortable?" he asked objectively. "Does the smell of the nasty old mashed-up sour corn make you sick? Does the weight of the dashboard hurt your legs and back, where you're caught under it? Do you wish you never had decided to marry Van Courts? And didn't I say you'd be sorry?"

"Get me out of here!" pleaded Cathie. "Do something, Johnny! You're not helpless like Van. He couldn't move anything that couldn't be moved by the sound of his precious voice. But you're different. Northerners know how to do things. Move

". . . But it says I gotta report for induction immediately, mom!"

this car off me and get me out of here!"

"In a minute," Johnny said helpfully, untenderly.

He unslung his candid camera from his shoulder and, overruling Cathie's frenzied protest, took several choice-angle shots.

Major Ben, having assured himself that Cathie wasn't dying and hadn't bruised her typesetting fingers, was exploring the underbrush for more tangible evidence that there was a still close by, grumbling all the time about the Yankees and near-Yankees that were worse than mosquitoes these days. Especially to marry.

"That reminds me," Johnny said equably, twirling the rope carelessly in his fingers. "Will you marry me?"

Cathie was ready to scream with impatience. The mountain water was cold as well as alcoholic. If she hadn't been numb with it, some of her bruises might have hurt.

"Get me out!" she demanded.

"Marry me?" he persisted, looking as though he could spend the rest of his life waiting knee-deep in firewater.

"Yes!" sobbed Cathie in exasperation. "Now get me out—"

"*Darling.*" Johnny was emphatic. "All right. Watch this, Major. If we just fasten the rope to the car and pull, we can't lift it. But if we attach it to the car, wrap the other end around a tree, so—and if you hold that end so as to take up any slack—why, I can pull it at a point in the exact middle where it will exert three times again as much pulling power, and I *think* it'll move the car sufficiently to get Cathie out."

"Don't believe it," grunted the Major.

"It's a well known principle of physics. Watch, Major."

With unwilling admiration the Major held the end of the rope and watched Johnny demonstrate the power of mind over matter by shifting the weight of the car a little at a time. When he had it up at an angle that permitted the force of gravity to release the fallen dashboard that was pinning Cathie down without really hurting her, he secured the rope to the tree and reached into the interior to drag Cathie out.

She was furious with somebody. She could stand up, but he held her, just the same, and felt her trembling.

"Don't renege," he warned her, carrying her to Major Ben and setting her on her feet before him, smelling like a highball in a sweating-cold glass, dripping but beautiful, as only anger can make a girl give off bright sparks. "Major," he said in a tone determined to override opposition, "Cathie has promised to marry me."

The Major unexpectedly grinned, the thousand wrinkles in his dried-apple face raying out from eyes and lips like a child's drawing of the surroundings of the sun.

"It's all right with me," said Major Ben. "If Van Courts is a sample of a Southern gentleman—and he *is:* he really thought he was doing the best thing in going for help—then I don't care if Cathie does marry a damyankee. If Van Courts is what's left of the blood of Jeb Stuart and Beauregard and Robert E. Lee, then it's well time Wade County did join the Union and get some new stock; and I'll put it in a box on the front page next week."

"Thanks, Major," Johnny said softly. He turned to Cathie, who had, in the curve of his compelling arm, stopped trembling. "Well, Cathie?"

☆ HER eyes surrendered willingly now; her stubborn lips handed over their sword to the exasperating, beloved enemy. She knew now that he did care, in his own annoying way. "I reckon I'll join the Union, too, Johnny."

He kissed her, first, a conqueror's kiss. Then he held off from her lips long enough to remark: "I sure hate to disappoint you two. But you'll have to know. My Yankee accent is the result of environment, not heredity. I've only been in New York four years. I was born in Mobile, Alabama—as far South as my mother could get without going to a marine hospital."

And while Major Ben readjusted his own terms of surrender, Johnny swept Catherine into another intoxicating embrace.

THE END

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

☆ THE smartest characterization of Union Now appeared, I am sure, in James Burnham's The Managerial Revolution, when he said:

"And what are all these schemes of 'Union Now' but polite phrases for a possible way of consolidating one of the superstates of the future under United States control?"

No matter how Mr. Streit's scheme is analyzed, it is a polite suggestion to Great Britain that her role in history is over unless the United States takes on her defense and her liabilities. Mr. Hore-Belisha recently suggested a similar conception of Great Britain's position when he advocated a common citizenship for Americans and Britons, realizing undoubtedly, as few laymen do, that citizenship is a part of sovereignty, and that the power that issues the certificate of citizenship is the sovereign. Mr. Hore-Belisha did not establish whether Americans were to become Englishmen or vice versa; Mr. Streit seems to feel that in the Union the Americans will dominate. Why the proud British should desire to live under American domination is not clear, unless we accept the utterly defeatist view that the British position in this war is completely hopeless and that therefore the British are running to cover.

Mr. Streit and Mr. Hore-Belisha may be defeatist. I am not. Believing that Great Britain will survive this war, I do not hold that any preparations need be made to cushion her fall. Union Now is just such a cushion.

Before I proceed further with this discussion, I wish to take exception to Mr. Streit's technique as a protagonist of a mooted question. He does not say so outright, but he gives the impression that those who oppose his plan are Nazi propagandists. He says:

"No one can deny that Hitler has great funds and many secret agents in the United States. He has proved to be a master of the propaganda weapon, far superior to the British. Nothing would endanger him more than American adoption of the program of Union Now. It would be silly, therefore, to discount the Nazi element in the propaganda against Union Now."

I think that such a statement is not unfair; it is cowardly. Since when are Americans to be precluded from discussing the future of their country because some one believes that a particular point of view may or may not be preferred by Mr. Hitler? Am I never to eat frankfurters and sauerkraut because Göring likes hot dogs that way, or am I to dislike the delectable Liebfraumilch because it comes from the German side of the Rhine? Are we never to listen to Wagner because Hitler adores him, and must we eschew Mozart because he was a native of Salzburg, which is one of Hitler's favorite cities? That argument is unworthy of Mr. Streit's talents.

Now, I am not a Nazi propagandist; yet I am definitely opposed to Union Now or ever. I am, as a matter of fact, a Jew. Should Hitler be victorious, I, along with those Jews who favor Union Now, would be put into a concentration camp or a ghetto. Surely I would be excluded from following my profession, and the possibility is, because of certain special circumstances, that I would be separated from my family. I have nothing to gain and everything to lose by a Nazi victory. I have so much to lose personally that the thought of its prospect gives me veritable shudders. Yet I am opposed to Union Now. Neither Mr. Streit nor any one else can say that opposition is due to Nazi propaganda or Nazi funds. No funds would be ample to compensate me for what would happen to me personally if Hitler won.

I go into this personal equation at such length because I feel that it is a snide trick to attempt to load a discussion by saying, "Any one who disagrees with me is, *ipso facto*, a crook and a traitor." Whenever a man argues that way, I suspect that he is not very sure of the worth of his cause. And whereas Mr. Streit may attempt to put banana peels in the path of Lindbergh, he will fail with me because of the incidence of my birth. I simply cannot risk, by the nature of my ancestry, supporting Hitler's policy.

I am opposed to Union Now only because I am an American. This country has given my parents sanctuary and to me liberty; I want to safeguard it from disaster. I want to protect it from European intrigue. I want to maintain its independence. I want to fight for its liberties. I have no desire to see it absorbed in the thousand years of European internecine wars over race, color, religion. I do not want it to take on the Indian problem and the Irish question and the Union of South Africa situation. I do not wish it to waste its strength and its wealth holding millions of weak and backward peoples in subjection. That is England's burden—if she wants to bear it. It is not America's burden.

After the last war, the Europeans tried to hook us into accepting responsibility for policing the world by means of the League of Nations. Although it is generally believed that that idea originated with Woodrow Wilson, its author was really General Jan Smuts, Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, and then, as now, one of the most powerful men in the British Empire. Woodrow Wilson became the sponsor for the League, but the American people, in Congress assembled, rejected it. We even refused to ratify the Treaty of Versailles because it included the Covenant of the League of Nations. Subsequent events proved that the voice of the people was truly the voice of God. For had we been in the League, the Europeans would have had us at work with Japan and Italy at the moment of our deepest depression and most extreme lack of prep-

ne Case
gainst Union
ith Britain

reply to Clarence K. Streit's
icle in last week's Liberty

arations. As it was, they nearly embroiled us in a war with Japan in 1931-32 over the Nine-Power Treaty, which was part of the attempt of the Europeans to tie us into the business of policing the world.

The history of the European effort to load us with Europe's liabilities is long and unpleasant. At the Versailles Conference an attempt was made to involve us in a long and costly war in Siberia. The idea was that we could afford this war. We got out of that jam by refusing to do more than the European countries did. But whenever they get into trouble, you may be certain that they will turn to "Uncle Shylock" with some scheme that will leave him holding the bag.

Mr. Streit would organize the Union Now on exactly the same basis as the Constitutional Convention organized the government of the United States —and he would give the Congress of that Union, in the Senate of which the British would have a majority, "the sole power to make war and peace." That would mean that the United States, which possesses most of the assets, would be bound by the decision of the British dominions, which hold most of the liabilities. Americans would have to give everything, including their lives, on a vote passed by non-Americans.

But Mr. Streit asks, do we believe that the Canadians and the Irish would vote with England rather than with us? He thinks not. I do not wish to gamble the welfare of the United States on his thought. The Irish, anyhow, are at this moment independent of Great Britain and probably would not join Union Now. But the Canadians have, quite correctly, stuck to Great Britain throughout her difficulties and there is no reason why they should not continue to do so. In fact, what Mr. Streit proposes, it seems to me, is that when there is a difference of opinion between Great Britain and the United States, the Canadians should betray and renounce the mother country.

Even if sentiment were not a factor in this situation, the proposition smacks of arrant deceit, for the fact is that even mere self-interest unites Canada and Great Britain in ties so close that Canada and the United States are actually competitors for Britain's markets, particularly in foodstuffs. This appeared clearly when Canada preferred Empire Preference to reciprocity with the United States. And it was Empire Preference that lessened British importations of wheat from the United States so that the purchases from Canada could be increased. Why would not the same economic relationship continue after Union Now?

I once debated this question with Mr. Streit on the Town Hall of the Air. At that time I naturally raised the question of the huge population of the British Empire, which in India alone is larger than that of the United States. I felt that if we entered upon such a scheme we should be outvoted. I notice that in his current article he limits the vote to "self-governing people."

Does that mean that we have to hold in permanent bondage vast masses of human beings? India is constantly clamoring for self-government. If it is not granted, are we to use Americans to keep the Indians in subjection? And if India is granted self-government, would she come into the Union as an equal? And if so, could not the Hindus and Moslems and Sikhs combine to vote down both the United States and Great Britain? Must we fight them to prevent that? Mr. Streit envisages a static world, but nothing is static, least of all political relationships. And what about the Malays? And what about Kenya? And what about the island of Hong Kong? Are all these peoples everlastingly not to be self-governing?

It seems to me that we are being led into a political morass as a result of extraordinary loose thinking concerning the character and will of hundreds of millions of people who will be no more friendly to Union Now when they are subject to it than they are to their present lords and masters. One of the weaknesses of the League of Nations was its inability to deal justly or adequately with the problems arising among those who are called weak and backward peoples. The device of the mandate was adopted to avoid the unpopular device of the colony. But mandated areas were usually, at any rate often, treated as though they were colonies.

Winston Churchill testifies concerning this in his book The Aftermath:

"The statesmanship of Borden and of Botha behind the scenes eventually led the Dominion leaders to agree to veil their sovereignty under the name at any rate of Mandate; and this Mr. Wilson was willing to accept."

The Japanese regarded all their mandated areas as colonies and acted accordingly. The British certainly used mandated Palestine, and the French mandated Syria, as colonies. Union Now would inherit the political grief inevitable in that type of territory, and the United States would be, as a partner in the Union, charged with the policing of the conglomerate world of Asiatic, African, and Oceanic peoples who resent and despise their rulers. Exactly why should we take on that job? What will it get us?

Mr. Streit says that of the 200,000,000 citizens of the Union, 132,000,000 would be Americans and 47,000,000 British. What becomes of the remainder of the British Empire which now consists of 550,000,000 human beings? Where does that half a billion people disappear to? Of course, his answer may be that 47,000,000 will hold the 550,000,000 more or less in political slavery. We had that out when the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments to the Constitution were passed. I do not see how the United States could enter upon any political transaction which disenfranchised most of the human beings in a state. When we occupied the Philippines we recognized fully the rights of the natives to citizenship. If that rule holds in Manila, why not in Singapore?

I question the bona fides of the entire scheme when that figure 47,000,000 is presented. Of course, in reality, it is presented for the United Kingdom—that is, England, Scotland, and Wales —which is a very small part, in area and population, of the British Empire. That figure is so misleading that, when I first saw it, I thought it was a typographical error. It is most unfortunate that a serious problem is treated so cavalierly in the realm of figures. Statistical honesty requires that we

(*Continued on page 53*)

I realized I'd missed the turn and was at Tangier.

ILLUSTRATOR HY RUBIN

Murder With Southern Hospitality

Death strikes again in a tense, thrilling novel of young hearts and creeping terror

☆ WHEN Louise Gould, Mrs. Cornelia Cartwright, and Miss Letty Drayton go on a Garden Pilgrimage to Natchez, Mississippi, Louise is amazed at the cold reception Miss Letty receives from her brother, Judge Drayton, and her sister, Kate, at whose estate, Antigua, the three are to stay. The only one who really welcomes the mousy Miss Letty is Anne, the Draytons' niece who is to marry the judge's son, Lawrence.

Miss Letty, Louise discovers, disapproves of the match and is much pleased when Steven Heywood appears on the scene. Steven has been left some plantations by a distant cousin, Minot Heywood, whose old home, Tangier, is just across a bayou from Antigua. There is an ancient feud between the Heywood and Drayton families. Therefore it is strange that, according to the terms of Minot's will, Steven is to inherit on condition that he marry Anne Drayton; otherwise she gets the property.

Steven falls in love with Anne and she with him. Judge Drayton disapproves. The love affair, however, recedes into the background when Cornelia is found in the bayou, shot to death. Her stepson, Alec, is sent for; every one is questioned, but no motive or clue is found.

The day after the murder Louise discovers a print of a high-heeled shoe near the place where the body lay. Anne joins her, sees the print, and erases it. Then she picks up something; it is a locket belonging to Miss Letty. Louise knows that it contains a yellowed newspaper clipping and that Miss Letty guards it zealously. She and Anne do not open it. As Louise puts it in her pocket, the awful thought strikes her: Could Cornelia, always curious, have found out the secret of the locket and could Miss Letty have killed her because of it?

The sheriff is working to solve the mystery of Cornelia's death. When Anne hears that he may arrest Steven Heywood, she calls up Tangier to warn the young man—and learns that he has left. Has he run away because he is guilty?

That afternoon a friend of Cornelia, a Mrs. Millicent Storm, calls at Antigua to condole with Alec Cartwright. As she is about to leave she asks him if he will sell her a certain piece of jewelry his stepmother had—and describes Miss Letty's locket, now in Louise's pocket!

Suddenly there is a crash. A jug which Miss Kate had in her hand lies on the floor in a thousand pieces!

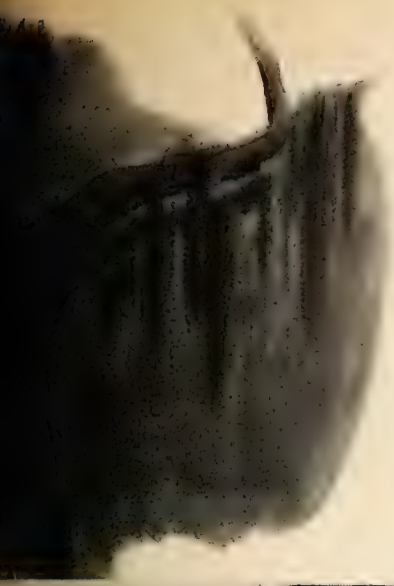
PART FIVE—LOVERS' MEETING—AND TRAGEDY

☆ IT was I who got Mrs. J. Philander Storm out of the house. I never looked at Miss Letty at all. I didn't dare. I just said, "Don't you think we'd better go, Mrs. Storm?" And she was so astonished she came without a murmur.

Until we got in her taxi, that is. "Well, what on earth do you suppose—" she began.

"I don't know," I said. "I guess she was shocked at your wanting to buy a dead woman's jewelry. Would you mind dropping me at the next corner?"

BY LESLIE FORD



down to the river because I didn't want to go back to the house, and I was sitting on a bench on the bluff, looking across the lazy unlovely Father of Waters toward the flat Louisiana shore. I was hardly aware that I'd taken the thing out of my pocket and was holding it in my hand. I don't know what would have happened if I hadn't heard a car stop behind me, and Mrs. Storm's voice.

"Your club did all this landscaping?" she was saying. "It's quite nice, for a small place like Natchez. . . . But, as I was saying, I think she must have run on to something, and that's why they killed her. Well, my dear, I wouldn't have—"

The car moved on. I sat there quietly, my hands cold as ice. "I don't want to die," I whispered to the azaleas on the bank of the Mississippi, and I put the locket away. It was no longer a lovely old-fashioned thing, holding a woman's secret. It was a sinister thing that had lain all night in the blood-tipped Spanish dagger, a thing of danger and jealousy and fear.

It was five o'clock when I got back to Antigua. Alec and Lawrence and Anne were sitting out on the back gallery. I'd started out to join them when I heard the telephone ring in the library.

"Shall I answer it?" I said. I went back and picked it up. My heart jumped.

"Where *are* you?" I said.

"One is in town, a fugitive from justice," Steve Heywood's voice said cheerfully. He went on in a more sardonic tone. "I haven't decided whether to give myself up yet, or not. I want to see you first. What about meeting me at that dump where we had the hot dogs? About seven thirty? I'll be disguised as a Coldstream Guard with a bearskin toupee."

"All right," I said.

"And look. Find out where they've sent her. She's in my blood stream. I've got to see her again before they hang me."

I stared blankly into the wall. I'd forgotten that. He thought Anne had gone away.

"Of course," I gasped. "All right. Seven thirty."

I hung up, and stood there a moment. Then I started to whistle happily—you'd have thought it was I

I ordered a cup of coffee and a hamburger, and waited.

"You don't suppose she lost it in that ditch there, do you?" Mrs. Storm asked, as I got out.

"Probably," I agreed ironically.

☆ ALL that afternoon Miss Letty's bauble was like a piece of radium in my jacket pocket. And I resisted opening it, grimly but honestly, until late in the day. I'd gone

that was in love with him. And then suddenly I remembered—or maybe by some process of delayed audition I was hearing—the ominous, almost silent click of another telephone being cautiously and stealthily put back into place before I'd hung up.

Oh, dear! I thought. I glanced up the stairs.

"Who was it, Louise?" Lawrence called.

"Nobody," I said casually. At least I thought I was being casual. Maybe I wasn't, for instantly Anne's eyes were shining like a couple of tropical stars.

"What time are we going to the movie, Louise?" she asked.

"I guess I'll have to go with you," Lawrence said. "What's the picture?"

"I thought you were going on the fox hunt." Anne managed to sound remarkably offhand. I shook my head at her, desperately afraid she'd say too much.

"Father thought it wouldn't look right."

The subject dropped for a moment, but I was on pins and needles.

"We got Lusby out on bail, Louise," Alec said.

"That's fine," I replied.

Judge Drayton's appearance just then didn't help me any.

"Do you think it would be all right if we went to the movie, Uncle Ed?" Anne asked.

He shook his head. "No. I think you'd better stay at home tonight, Anne," he said quietly . . . so that I knew instantly what I'd already known perfectly well.

"We could slip in to the early show, father," Lawrence said.

I felt the subtle change in the judge as acutely as I'd have felt it if some one had taken a thick screen from in front of a fire.

"In that case, I think it would be all right. I don't like to have two young women out at night by themselves."

(He'll tell the sheriff, I thought. Steve will think I've given him away.)

"Be back early," Judge Drayton said.

☆ WE set out in Anne's car. I realized quickly that she knew Lawrence a lot better than I did. When we got to Main Street she slowed down and stopped. "Look," she said. "There's Mike."

Lawrence got out and went over to a group of men, some in high leather boots, gathered on the corner. In a minute he came back. "Look. Why don't we all go out? You don't want to go to a movie."

Anne shook her head. "You go on, if you want to. Nobody'll know the difference."

Lawrence hesitated. "If I don't stay very long, I could meet you at the coffee shop."

I ought to explain, I suppose, that they hunt foxes at night, with hounds view-hallooing across the bayous, and the spectators follow in cars along the road, and drink out of bottles unless somebody has brought a cup along, and sometimes the fox crosses the road and sometimes a hound gets bored and comes back and joins the spectators. Lawrence was going as a spectator.

"Good-by," Anne called cheerfully. "Now—where is he?" she demanded. "And what did he say?"

"He thought you'd gone to New Orleans," I said. "And he wanted your address. There was some nonsense about your being in his blood stream. He's at that service station."

☆ HE was there all right, at fifteen minutes past seven . . . and also, leaning against a gas pump, one of the men the sheriff had had with him in the morning. What he was waiting for I didn't know until he took out his watch and looked at it. He went inside.

"Quick," Anne said. She drove in beside Steve. He looked up and grinned. They both looked at me.

"I'm going to a movie," I said.

"Take my car—I'll go with Steve."

Anne slipped out, and in beside him. I watched them go down the road, and then I went along to the movie. At ten o'clock I came back. The electric victrola was blaring out horribly, and the place was packed with cars. Steve and Anne were nowhere in sight. I ordered a hamburger and a cup of coffee, and waited. At quarter to eleven the sheriff and the man who'd been there before drove up, ordered a hot dog, and kept looking around. At least *they* hadn't found them, I thought. I didn't know what to do, and at half past eleven I couldn't stand it any longer. I paid my bill and backed out into the road.

There was no use trying to find them along the moonlit chasms of those deep-cut roads, and I was almost frantic. If anything had happened to them, how could I ever explain? I pressed my foot on the accelerator and gripped the wheel to keep the light car on the road. It was only a few minutes later that I suddenly realized I'd missed the turn into Albemarle Street and gone on without knowing it, and that I was at Tangier. Steve's car was there in the yard under an oak. I jumped out and tugged at the broad wooden gate, trying to open it. And then suddenly my blood froze to a motionless burning stream of ice. A woman's high-pitched, incredibly piercing scream split the night, shattering the moonlit silence into a million glancing sparks. It broke off abruptly, terribly . . . and was gone, leaving an empty, deathly silence.

I stood there for an instant, motionless with fright, and then tugged furiously at the gate. It wouldn't move. I climbed over the bars and ran desperately past the house and down the garden toward the bayou, almost beside myself with dread. Across the dark streak I could see Antigua, all its lights springing up, and I could see the flash of darting lights in the garden there, and hear people shouting and running toward me. Then I was through the screen of trees and running across to the edge of the bayou. I heard another shout, closer:

"This way! Over here!"

It was Steve Heywood. He was kneeling on the ground. People were crashing up out of the bayou from the other side.

"Hurry!" he shouted. "Hurry!"

His back was toward me, and all I could see was a dark figure lying in front of him on the ground. A nauseating wave caught me. I swayed for a moment and went on again, just as Alec Cartwright and Lawrence cleared the bayou and got up to him. Alec's flashlight fell on the figure lying there.

"My God!" he said.

Lawrence grabbed my arm and steadied me as my knees just turned to water. It wasn't Anne. That was all I knew and, for one terrible instant, all I cared.

"They went down that way," Steve said curtly. He pointed to the far end of the bayou just as Judge Drayton came heavily up out of it, through the broken track Alec and Lawrence had made.

"It's that woman . . . what was her name?" Lawrence said hoarsely.

"Storm," Steve said. "Her name was Storm."

"Mrs. J. Philander Storm. Cornelia called her Millicent."

It was I saying that. I was aware of my voice sounding lost, like a dead leaf falling.

☆ STEVE straightened up. "She's dead," he said. "She was lying on her face here. I heard her scream. That must be hers over there."

He pointed to a huge flashlight lying on the grass. Alec Cartwright swung his flash on it. It had a thin smear of blood on it, glistening, alive.

"You stay here with Louise, Judge Drayton," Steve said curtly. "They can't have gone very far. Come on, you two. We'll close in along this ditch."

They started off. Judge Drayton knelt down and put his handkerchief over Millicent Storm's face. He stood there for a moment with his head bowed, then raised it abruptly. The three men stopped short in their tracks. I could hear the sound of breaking undergrowth from the bayou, and waited, my heart too numb for fear. Then out of the dense shadows a figure emerged. I heard Judge Drayton's swift intake of breath.

"Kate!" he said.

Miss Drayton scrambled up onto firm ground. "I was coming—I lost my way," she gasped.

There was a sharp silence. The three men stood still, watching her come unsteadily toward us.

"Who is it?" she said. "What's happened? Don't just stand there."

"It's Mrs. Storm. She has been killed," Judge Drayton said evenly.

"Who on earth is Mrs. Storm?"

"The lady who was at the house this morning, Kate."

"Oh," Miss Kate said. "I do declare."

It seemed extraordinary that she should take it so calmly when what would seem a trivial thing compared

to it had shocked a valuable Bennington jug out of her hands to shatter on the floor. But perhaps it was just the words that were inadequate, I thought. I was wondering where Anne was, and what Steve had been doing down there. He certainly hadn't come from the house, yet he was there minutes before Lawrence and Alec broke through the tangle of the bayou. I wondered, too, where Miss Letty was, and how it happened that Alec was there. If he'd brought her back to Antigua and hadn't yet gone back to his hotel, it was odd she hadn't come along. If Miss Kate could make it, she certainly could. And why hadn't Lusby come?

Miss Kate was saying tartly, "Has any one thought of calling the police?"

Lawrence started off. "I'll telephone."

"You'd better go to Tangier, it's closer," Steve said.

Judge Drayton spoke sharply. "Go to Antigua, Lawrence."

"And if many more of you go through, there won't be anything left for the police," Steve remarked.

Lawrence went on. I could see his light flashing through the tangled greenery, and I heard him swear once when he slipped.

☆ "WHAT could she have been doing down there?" Miss Kate said. "It seems very peculiar to me."

It was, very, of course, I thought at first. Then I had a sick feeling that it was all my fault. Mine and the gold locket that I still had wrapped up in my handkerchief in my pocket—afraid to put it anywhere else until I could give it to Miss Letty, for fear she'd go through my things too, and find it, and . . . I didn't go any further with that either. If I hadn't said "Probably," when Mrs. Storm asked if I didn't think Cornelia had lost the locket in the bayou, she wouldn't have been here.

"I think I'll go back to the house, brother," Miss Kate said. "Will you come, Mrs. Gould?"

"I'll stay, I think," I said.

"Suit yourself," she answered. "Will you kindly help me through the bayou, Mr. Cartwright?"

"I'm beginning to think you people don't want the tracks left," Steve remarked.

"Perhaps we don't think it necessary, Mr. Heywood," Judge Drayton said.

They faced each other, cool and grim.

"May I ask just what you mean by that, sir?"

"I think we can let the sheriff decide it," Judge Drayton returned.

I put my hand on Steve's arm. "Shut up," I said softly.

Alec Cartwright came over and stood beside me. It was sort of the three "outsiders" together. Steve shrugged, took out a pack of cigarettes and lighted one. And that sent a chilly wave down my spine. I hadn't yet had time to ask what he'd been doing under the magnolia tree across the bayou.

He turned to Alec. "I'm sorry about your mother. I understand they're hunting me in connection with it. I left this morning because I had business to see to. I was out having a look at a couple of plantations a cousin of my father left in his will."

He was talking to Alec but looking at Judge Drayton. It's hard to describe a sudden stiffening of a human body without making it sound melodramatic. It wasn't exactly a stiffening, either, in Judge Drayton. It was just as if he'd contracted all over, or become awfully still, as a lizard does when he thinks danger is too close to get away from.

"I believe my niece withdrew her very liberal proposal, Heywood," he said evenly.

"I think your niece really thought it was liberal, Judge Drayton," said

"Ask my mother where I am. I'm supposed to be in my room, studying, and I want to find out if she knows I ain't."

Steve. "I don't for a moment believe she had any idea there was presumed to be oil on the three plantations she was keeping, and none on the two she offered me."

"My dear sir," Judge Drayton said. He laughed as if it was not quite mildly amusing. "You've been talking to some of the local Wallingfords."

"No," Steve said. "I just looked around a bit. Whoever took the red and yellow ribbons off the fences at Araby and Tivoli and Avon dropped a couple. He also left some threads where he ripped them off. I understand there's a little skulduggery about the leases not being renewed, too."

It looked to me for a moment as if the rigid control Judge Drayton had over the temper that went with the Drayton eyes was going to snap. He took a long breath. "The discussion is ended at this point, Mr. Heywood."

"If I persuade your niece to marry me, I believe it *is* ended, Judge Drayton," said Steve. "And that is what I hope to do, sir."

I heard a car coming up, and the sound of feet running toward us.

"That is—impossible, Mr. Heywood. If you'll come to my office tomorrow, I will tell you why—if you are able to come," he added quietly.

The men were crashing down the bayou and up our side—Jim Bailey, his deputy, and Lawrence. Alec drew me a little to one side.

"What's all this about?" he whispered.

"Steve wants to marry Anne and they don't want him to," I answered. "They want her to marry Lawrence."

"That pip-squeak?"

"S-s-sh," I said. "It's just to keep the oil wells in the family, I gather."

"That must have been what Cornelia meant," he returned. He hesitated an instant. "She telegraphed me." Then he gripped my arm sharply. "Listen!"

"—saw him," Lawrence Drayton was saying. He was pointing to Steve, standing a little off from them. "I was coming in the back way so as not to disturb the family. He was sneaking down the garden path, coming this way. I thought what the hell, but I didn't see any use trying to stop him."

"You knew we wanted him," Jim Bailey said.

"I was going in to phone you. I knew you'd find him at Tangier. I didn't know whether he still had a gun on him. Anyway, I'm not the sheriff."

"Go on," Bailey said shortly.

"I got about halfway up the stairs to the second gallery when I heard the scream. I ran down to the library and got this."

He took a small automatic revolver out of his pocket, showed it, and slipped it back.

"Then I ran over here. Cartwright, there, caught up with me and we got here together. It couldn't have been more than three minutes. He was kneeling down there by her, yelling 'Hurry up!' and pointing down that way, saying somebody had run down through the bayou."

☆ I GLANCED quickly at Judge Drayton. He looked like an El Greco of the Inquisition, brilliant-eyed, his face gray and obsidian, with a quality of mercilessness that if it had had triumph in it would have been less awful than it was. It hadn't. No one would have guessed his quiet "If you are able" was being settled so quickly the way he wished it.

"I'd like to say something, if I may," Steve observed coolly.

"Go ahead," Jim Bailey said.

"I was coming down the garden path, across there. I wasn't sneaking. I got to the edge of the bayou and was trying to find the way down when I heard the scream. I haven't got a gun. I don't own one. Then I dashed down the bank through the vines and up here. I heard somebody breaking through the undergrowth, but I thought I saw her move, and I thought maybe I could do something for her. I didn't have a light, and I didn't see hers right away. When I did, she seemed to move again, so I tried to work on her."

"What were you doing at Antigua?" Bailey asked.

"I'm sorry. I can't tell you that."

"When did you come back to Natchez, Heywood, or is Maxwell the name?"

"The name's Heywood, and I didn't come back, because I never left. I was out in the country looking at Minot Heywood's plantations—Araby, Tivoli, and Avon. I got back about a quarter to five."

"You made an appointment with this lady for seven thirty. What for?"

"I wanted to see her."

"Did you know we were looking for you?"

"Yes. Miss Rose Heywood told me."

"Why didn't you give yourself up?"

"I was going to come and see you as soon as I got around to it," Steve said calmly. "It seemed too damned cockeyed to be true. I never spoke to Mrs. Cartwright but once in my life, and that was because a friend of mine pulled a fast one on me at Melrose. I had to listen to her explain the parlors."

"Then how did she happen to know you as Maxwell?"

"That's my aunt's name. Mrs. Cartwright knew her and called me by her name. That's all."

"Who is this woman?"

"Her name's Storm."

"You ever seen her before?"

☆ "YES. She was staying at Tangier. She came the day I did. I've said good morning to her, and I gave her a lift in town once."

The sheriff turned to the rest of us. "Any of you know her?"

"She called at Antigua this morning," Judge Drayton said, "to pay her respects to Mr. Cartwright. I talked to her a few minutes at the ball the other night."

"Today was the first I ever heard of her," Lawrence said.

Alec said, "I met her with my stepmother once, I think."

"I've seen her a few times at pilgrimage houses, and today at the Draytons'," I said. "And once at that place where we got coffee after the ball. I've hardly more than said how do you do to her. Except at lunch yesterday—I forgot that."

I could see more men coming across the side garden to the bayou. One had a camera and flash equipment, and two of them were carrying a stretcher. They blundered down and up through the vines and came over to where we were standing.

The sheriff said, "What was she doing down here in the first place?"

He looked around at us. "Does anybody know?"

Nobody did . . . or nobody said he did.

"Well, you can all go—except you, Heywood. I'll have to ask you to come along with me."

"I'm ready," Steve said quietly.

"Just a minute, Jim," Judge Drayton said. He turned to me.

"Mrs. Gould," he said very politely, "where would you like us to send your bags? My niece will pack them for you, and we can have them sent to you in a very short time."

I had it coming to me, of course, and I wasn't really surprised at all.

"The hotel, I think, thank you, Judge Drayton," I said.

Steve interrupted: "You go to Tangier, Louise. . . . Send her things to Tangier, please."

"Very well, sir." Judge Drayton couldn't have been more urbane.

"I'll walk with you," Alec said. He took my arm with a "There, there," sort of squeeze, muttering something derogatory to his host's immediate ancestry under his breath.

"We'll go that way, if the sheriff doesn't mind," Steve said. "I'd like to pick up a toothbrush and introduce Mrs. Gould to Cousin Rose. We can take my car."

The sheriff nodded. "You hang around here, Joe," he said to one of his men. "The rest of you be careful. Hear?"

Alec held out his hand to me. "I'll see you tomorrow," he said.

I could hear them crashing around in the bayou like an army on maneuvers. It occurred to me that maybe that was all right after all. Maybe the evidence they seemed bent on destroying ought to be destroyed—the way Anne and I had destroyed Miss Letty's footprint . . . if it was Miss Letty's.

I glanced back across the dark streak of the bayou at Antigua, wondering if she was watching us, and what Judge Drayton had said or done that had kept her from coming over with Miss Kate. Maybe she'd been packing my bag all this time. Whatever she was doing, wherever she was, I knew she must be sick with fear, hearing that cry, knowing—if she did know, and Miss Kate must have told her by this time—that Steve had been there.

☆ THE sheriff was talking to Steve as we walked along. "Which one of the Heywoods are you, by the way?" he was saying.

"My father is Elliot. He was Mr. Minot's first cousin."

"You're not the one Mr. Minot left everything to if he married Miss Anne, are you?"

"I'm the one. And I want to marry her—not on that account."

"Well, I'll be damned! Excuse me, ma'am."

Bailey was silent for a few minutes. "I sure wish I didn't have to do this," he said. "You don't think Lawrence would try to put anything over on you, do you? He's been courtin' Miss Anne all winter—in between times."

Steve didn't say anything.

"You didn't hit that old lady on the head, did you, Heywood?" asked the sheriff.

"No, I didn't," Steve said.

"Well, what were you doin' down there?"

"I'd like to tell you, but I can't. I can tell you it didn't have anything to do with Mrs. Storm."

I saw Bailey glance at him. I guessed that—that being the case—he knew what Steve had been doing as well as I did. Anyway, he changed the subject immediately.

"What do you do for a living, Mr. Heywood? You registered for the draft all right, didn't you?"

"No," Steve said.

If Jim Bailey, who wore an American Legion button in his lapel, had reached out and touched a naked wire carrying a thousand volts, the effect couldn't have been more powerful, or more instantaneous.

"I didn't have to," Steve added with a grin. "When the draft came I was a captain in the aviation reserve. I've divided the last two years between advanced aeronautics at New Haven and a production job at the Hartford plant. I was a pilot with Pan American a year before that. And right now I'm on my way to Kelly Field on a regular Air Corps assignment. Just stopped in Natchez to have a look at things. . . . I'd better wire the colonel I'm sticking around the jail a while, so he won't wait breakfast for me."

☆ I THOUGHT Jim Bailey had stopped to light a cigarette, but he hadn't. He'd just stopped.

"Good Lord, why didn't you say so in the first place?"

"Nobody asked me," Steve said. "I don't know what it's got to do with it, anyway."

"Good heavens, man! I can't put an officer in jail with a lot of Negroes."

"I don't see why not."

"Because I can't, that's all. I wasn't going to anyhow, as a matter of fact. None of the Heywoods ever been in jail that I know of. You'll be all right here at Tangier tonight."

The sheriff mopped his forehead with his coat sleeve.

"You'll have to talk to the D. A. tomorrow, but we'll fix it up all right."

"I don't want anything fixed up for me," Steve said. His voice was quiet but dangerous. "The woman was murdered. If I didn't do it, somebody else did. The same thing's true of Mrs. Cartwright. Nobody's going to get away—"

"Shut up, Steve!" I said. "Mr. Bailey didn't mean that."

"That's right, ma'am." The sheriff spoke with dignity. "I was just tryin' to make it easy for you. I was right fond of old Mr. Minot. It was a big shock to me when we found him."

I suppose if I'd been a really bright person, or even had the intuitions that any woman's presumed to have, I'd have realized at this moment that the story of the Heywoods and the Draytons, which I'd fruitlessly puzzled my head so much about, was beginning to unravel. Steve's hand gripped my elbow so that I felt I ought to hear the bones crushing . . . and yet I doubt if he had any adequate idea of what was coming.

Are the motives for these two baffling murders rooted in the past? Are there clues to be found in the circumstances of Minot Heywood's death, or in his strange will? Slowly a mysterious pattern is woven as the story moves toward its final chapters.

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A Report and Recommendation *to American Motorists*

THREE years ago we announced what I consider the most important of all Goodyear's contributions to motoring. This was the Goodyear LifeGuard, the tire within a tire that prevents sudden collapse from a blowout or other injury.

At that time, in a published statement, I said: "For 40 years I have been supervising the design and production of approximately three hundred million pneumatic tires for automobiles, increasing their comfort and reliability, and reducing their cost per mile to a mere fraction of what it was a few years ago. *But only with the introduction of the LifeGuard have I ever felt that we have made the pneumatic tire absolutely safe at all speeds.*"

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The Report

Since this statement appeared, hundreds of thousands of cars have been equipped with LifeGuards.

I am proud to report that in countless

How the LifeGuard functions is explained by P. W. Litchfield to some of the thousands of visitors to the exhibit of Goodyear products for national defense, recently shown from coast to coast.

millions of miles of highway travel there is not a single recorded case of a LifeGuard failing to function in an emergency.

A great many people have written us, saying they owe their lives to the LifeGuard because it carried their car to a safe stop after a tire failed at high speed.

Thus have LifeGuards fulfilled the promise that they would make any tire safe at all speeds and under all conditions—*for the full life of the tire.*

The Recommendation

Today the emergency confronting the nation provides a new reason why the use of LifeGuards is important. It is to help America conserve rubber.

To quote again from the orginal LifeGuard announcement: "The older a tire gets, the more liable it is to sudden failure. For this reason tires are often discarded before they have performed their full mileage, and there is hesitancy to retread tires for fear of weakness in the cord fabric."

But now American motorists *must* get full mileage from their tires. They should retread—to save rubber.

Therefore, I want to recommend that you equip the tires now on your car with LifeGuards. With their protection, there is no need to discard tires when the tread wears smooth.

If you have LifeGuards, tires may be driven far longer than normally—without danger from blowouts. And when treads wear off, there is no need to hesitate about having tires retreaded, if the carcass is sound. For with the same LifeGuards inside, a set of retreaded tires can be safely driven nearly as far again.

Thus, apart from conserving rubber for national defense, the use of LifeGuards contributes to economy.

Those who equip their tires with LifeGuards now, will make sure of getting maximum mileage and useful life from every carcass. And most important of all, as we have often said before, "*you can't get better protection to save your life.*"

P. W. Litchfield

Chairman of the Board

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

American Cities Quiz

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

BY ELEANOR EARLY

Author of An Island Patchwork (the story of Nantucket), A New England Sampler, etc.

Grade yourself as follows:

35 correct .....Excellent
30 correct .....Good
25 correct .....Fair
20 correct .....Passing
Under 20.....Failing

1—What percentage of Americans live in cities?

2—What is the only city that ever kept her World's Fair grounds intact and complete?

3—What events of tremendous importance took place eighty years ago in the capital of Alabama?

4—What colonial capitals were named for English kings?

5—What is the principal industry of New York City?

6—What was the first American city to welcome refugee Jews?

7—In what city was Benjamin Franklin born, and with what city is he usually associated?

8—What American ship, named after an American city, was captured by the Germans in 1940 and conveyed to a Russian port?

9—What is the meaning of the name of the state capital of Arizona?

10—How should one pronounce the name of the state of which Little Rock is the capital?

11—To what city was the first cargo of African slaves brought?

12—What was the name of the first chartered city in America?

13—Identify the following great cities and explain why each one is so called: (*a*) City of Churches; (*b*) City of Magnificent Distances; (*c*) City of Oaks; (*d*) City of Saints; (*e*) Hub of the Universe; (*f*) The Biggest Little City in the World.

14—What state capital was settled by a citizen of Switzerland?

15—Which was the first city in the United States to create the position of city manager?

16—What two famous cities are only ten miles apart?

17—What city was named for a French king and a saint?

18—In what city was the first American Declaration of Independence signed?

19—The oldest town in the United States, founded before the Pilgrims were born, is now the city of ——?

20—What state capital was named for a famous discoverer?

21—What city bears the same name as the state of which it is the capital?

22—What state capital has a village population?

23—A little over 100 years ago, 187 heroes died in a chapel in what Southwestern city?

24—What capitals are named for Presidents?

25—What city is farthest south?

26—What city was named by a clergyman in gratitude for his deliverance from persecution?

27—When provisions were scarce and money plentiful, apples and eggs sold for from one to five dollars apiece, and laborers were paid thirty dollars a day. In what city was this?

28—First it was Fort Duquesne (a French trading post). Then it was Fort Pitt. And now it is ——?

29—What Southern city is proud of its tarpon fishing and its eighteen-mile "azalea trail"?

30—What city has erected a statue to two legendary little boys?

31—What city with a turbulent history has a very melancholy name?

32—Land sharks, speculators, and settlers dispossessed the native Indians, and in three years incorporated a city in Nebraska and named it for the aborigines. What is the city?

33—"Where the West begins" is the slogan of a modern city in an old republic. What is the city?

34—What city has an annual Cotton Carnival to center national attention on its chief product?

35—What is the largest cigarette-making center in the world?

36—What was the first American colonial town—now a city—to execute a witch?

37—On the site of what city did Fort Dearborn stand, the scene of a bloody Indian massacre?

38—What famous winter resort bears the name of a tribe of Indians who never lived there?

39—What city was named for a German fur trader who founded one of the richest and ritziest families in America?

40—What is the oldest capital in the United States?

(Answers will be found on second page following)

WHY I PUBLISH THE FRITZ THYSSEN MANUSCRIPT

Continued from Page 15

powerful weapons and hiding them while the war was raging.

Once he had decided to write his memoirs, he was most anxious to proceed as quickly as possible. He wanted his letters to be published without delay, even before the completion of his book. These letters appeared in the United States in Life Magazine of April 29, 1940. Simultaneously they were published in London in the Sunday Express and in France in Paris Soir.

Thyssen was anxious to have some of his papers which he had deposited in the vaults of a bank at Lucerne in Switzerland. I discussed the matter at the Quai d'Orsay and they were prepared to send a special diplomatic courier to Lucerne in order to bring the papers to France. After a week's stay in Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Thyssen left for Monte Carlo. The papers arrived from Switzerland four days later and I went down to the Riviera with a collaborator of mine who was to help Thyssen in preparing the book, and a secretary. Thyssen was staying at the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo. I placed my collaborators near him at the Beau Rivage Hotel and, in order to evade the attention of the innumerable Italian spies who were in that region at that time, I went to stay about ten miles away, at the Grand Hotel at Cap Ferrat, which is one of the quietest places at the most charming spot of the Riviera. There were only a few guests in the hotel, among them Sir Nevile Henderson, the former British Ambassador to Germany who at that time had just finished writing his book about the failure of his mission in Berlin. Next to the hotel was the villa of former Premier Flandin, whom I saw often. He was very much interested in the question why Thyssen had become such an enemy of Hitler.

☆ I SPENT about three weeks on the Riviera, working with Thyssen day and night. He usually started work at about half past nine in the morning and dictated without interruption for about three hours. He dictated very rapidly and very fluently in German and partly in French, jumping from one subject to the other, giving the impression of a man filled to the exploding point with things to tell, not knowing how to get rid of them the quickest. About one o'clock we usually went to lunch together, continuing the work in lengthy discussions. The dictation of the morning was typed in the afternoon and submitted to him in the evening. He corrected every page most meticulously two or three times, until he finally approved the individual chapters.

During our collaboration in Monte Carlo, Thyssen made an unexpected impression on me. I had never met Thyssen before but he was exactly the opposite of the type one would imagine to be a steel king, a leading armament manufacturer and the backer of Nazism. He was a charming old gentleman, unusually witty, with a perfect sense of humor. He loved good food and the best wines, and our luncheons rarely took less than three hours. I drove him to all the famous restaurants of the Riviera—to the Chateau Madrid up in the mountains, the Bonne Auberge near Antibes, the Colombe d'Or in romantic St. Paul, and all the other places of the highest gastronomic culture.

During these luncheons Thyssen told one story after another, some of them unbelievable. Not one of the Nazi leaders and very few of his industrial colleagues escaped his most malicious remarks. He told dozens of stories about the private lives of the German leaders which, unfortunately, cannot be printed.

☆ WHEN talking about the problems and of his experiences, he would interrupt his monologue almost daily, pounding his fist against his forehead and exclaiming to himself, *"Ein Dummkopf war ich! Ein Dummkopf war ich!"* (What a fool I have been! What a fool I have been!) He would then repeat the express hope that his book would be published quickly in America. "I wish I could tell American industrialists about my experiences," was one of the remarks he made to me many times.

I definitely had the impression that his feelings against Hitler were not only sincere but passionately sincere. He answered every question I put to him and told everything he knew—with one exception. He did not want to tell me what were the *exact* amounts he had given to the Nazis, although he told me that he had somewhere, in a safe place, the receipts for all the monies paid by him. I was rather anxious to get a photostatic copy of these receipts in order to illustrate the book. But he was unwilling to tell me where they were.

On May 10, at eight o'clock in the morning, I turned on the radio and heard the voice of the French Minister of Information, M. Frossard, announcing that at dawn the German army had crossed the frontiers of Holland, Belgium, and Luxemburg, and that the war in the west had started. At 10 A. M. I brought the news to Thyssen. His reaction was very peculiar. He became pale and simply did not want to believe it. He said he knew that the German General Staff had always been against an attack on the west, and the only reason he could offer to explain it was that by this way the army High Command wanted to get rid of the Nazis, driving them to sure defeat.

He said he knew the exact production figures of the German heavy industry, the shortage of certain raw materials, the bad quality of steel used in some armored divisions, and that this war could not possibly be won by Germany. I was never able to understand whether the explanation of the striking German success was the extraordinary weakness of the French army or the ultra-efficiency of the Nazi war lords who had been able to hide even from the chairman of the German Steel Trust what they were producing.

By the end of May we had almost finished the work. More than half the book was completed, corrected and approved for publication by Thyssen. The remaining chapters had all been dictated, but before the final editing it was necessary to check up some dates and facts, which could not be done in Monte Carlo. So I went back to Paris with the understanding that I should return to Monte Carlo about the middle of June in order to get the book ready for immediate publication.

When I arrived in Paris the German army had already broken through at Sedan. What happened during the following days and what life during that period in Paris was like, everybody knows. The situation became more and more dangerous by the hour, and I could not think of leaving my office for another trip to Monte Carlo without knowing whether the German army would be stopped or whether we would have to flee from Paris.

I left Paris on June 11, at night, by motorcar, and after an unbelievable drive of fourteen hours, under conditions which have already been described in so many books, I arrived in Tours. I was only able to take with me very little of my personal belongings, but I had with me the Thyssen manuscript. Two days later I was again on the road to Bordeaux, and after the capitulation of France an English destroyer took me out to sea, where I was transferred to a British cargo ship which brought me to England. I left my car and most of the things I had been able to save from Paris in the harbor of Bordeaux, but I was able to save Thyssen's manuscript.

☆ AFTER my arrival in London, political friends, newspapers, and publishers urged me to publish the Thyssen book, but I had a feeling that I could not do so without knowing what had happened to Thyssen and whether or not he was in a safe place. I tried for months to trace him, but it was impossible to obtain any authentic information. Some sources said he had escaped to America, others that he was still on the Riviera, and others that he had been delivered by the French to the Gestapo.

I came over from England to the United States in February, 1941, hoping I would be able to find out exactly what had happened to Thyssen and where he was. Unfortunately, nobody knew anything except that he must be in the hands of the Gestapo, for otherwise his family in South America or his friends in the United States would have heard from him during the year. I had to accept, there-

fore, as a given situation that he was unable to escape after the collapse of France and that he probably was in a concentration camp, in the hands of the Gestapo. I felt for many months that under such circumstances this book could not be published, as the publication almost certainly would cause Thyssen's assassination.

I wish to make myself clear and to avoid any misunderstanding. I did not intend to defend Thyssen or to protect him. I was always aware that he was one of the men most responsible for the rise of Hitler and the seeking of power by the National Socialists in Germany. I also knew that he was probably the man most responsible for Germany's torpedoing of the Disarmament Conference, and that he and some of his friends were probably more responsible even than Hitler for the miseries unleashed by the Nazis on the world. For about twenty years Fritz Thyssen played a very big and very dangerous political game and I do not believe that, before the judgment seat of History, his realization, "What a fool I have been!" is sufficient defense for acquittal.

But I had nothing to do with Thyssen on the public forum. I met him when he was a refugee. I made with him an agreement as between author and publisher, and I have had a very strong feeling that I could not publish his memoirs until either I was sure that he was free or that he was dead.

But as the months passed and the war spread, more and more people, public men and publishers, were trying to persuade me that there was no place for personal consideration in this matter; that this manuscript was far too important a political and historical document; and that I could not take the responsibility of withholding it from publication. They pointed out that if Thyssen had been put into a concentration camp, he was almost certainly dead; and if he was still alive, nothing could save him. If he did meet the fate of the other enemies of Nazism in a concentration camp, he certainly must have had the hope that his memoirs would be published, as this was the only weapon with which he could strike back at Hitler. But whatever his personal fate, it could not be taken into consideration when the free peoples of the world were fighting a desperate war against Hitlerism and when the publication of this unique document might enlighten them and might help them to act in time to prevent Nazism from spreading to the Western Hemisphere.

After fourteen months of scruples and hesitations, I finally came to the conclusion that this book could not be withheld any longer from the public. I now believe that if Thyssen is in a concentration camp, and if he is still alive, the further postponement of his memoirs would certainly not save him. On the contrary, I even believe and hope the publication might give him some satisfaction.

But quite apart from the effect this publication might have on his personal life, we are engaged in a life-and-death struggle against Hitlerism, and whatever hurts Hitler is right for us. I think we should not have the weakness to yield to that old and horrible Gestapo blackmail of paralyzing the activities of free people by torturing friends and relatives in concentration camps. I think we should have the strength to sacrifice those who are in the hands of the Gestapo, however near they are personally to us, and to keep on fighting under all circumstances. We shall never be able to destroy this monstrous system of human slavery if in dealing with it we let ourselves be guided by sentiment and not by the coldest reasoning.

It was Hitler's attack on Russia that decided me and that gave the final argument for the decision to publish this book. Immediately after the start of the Russo-German war we heard the voices of people in highest positions saying that Hitler had returned to his old program and that he is the man who will save us from Communism. It had been in order to prove that this last was the greatest possible misjudgment of Nazism that Fritz Thyssen had decided to appeal to the world and to tell to the free nations his experiences. The fate of Fritz Thyssen, the great German nationalist, the mightiest German industrialist, and the devoted Catholic, is the outstanding example as to how Hitler is protecting the patriots, the industrialists, and the Christians from Communism.

THE END

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40 Answers by Eleanor Early to Her Questions on Page 32

1—More than half.

2—San Diego, California.

3—The Confederate States of America were voted into existence, Jefferson Davis took the oath of office, and for a few months Montgomery was the capital of the Confederacy.

4—Charleston, South Carolina, for Charles II; Williamsburg, Virginia, for William III.

5—Women's clothing.

6—Newport, Rhode Island, in 1654.

7—Boston; Philadelphia.

8—The City of Flint, seized because she was carrying contraband cargo to England.

9—*Phoenix* was a bird in Egyptian mythology with the power to consume itself in fire and arise more beautiful than ever. It is a symbol of immortality and resurrection.

10—Ar-kan-saw.

11—New Amsterdam (now New York), in 1646.

12—Gorgeanna, founded by Sir Ferdinando Gorges (1641), in the present town of York, Maine.

13—(*a*) Brooklyn, New York, because it has the largest number of churches in proportion to its population—about 600 of them; (*b*) Washington, D. C. The name was given in derision when the city was laid out, but now Americans are justly proud of the magnificent distances; (*c*) Raleigh, North Carolina, because of the size and beauty of its oak trees; (*d*) Salt Lake City, Utah, center of Mormonism, and seat of the Latter-Day Saints University; (*e*) Boston, because its citizens think it is; (*f*) Reno, Nevada, advertises itself thus.

14—Sacramento, California, by John Augustus Sutter.

15—Staunton, Virginia, in 1908.

16—St. Paul, the capital of Minnesota, and its "twin city," Minneapolis.

17—St. Louis, Missouri.

18—Charlotte, North Carolina (May 20, 1775), antedating the national Declaration by more than a year.

19—St. Augustine, Florida.

20—Columbus, Ohio.

21—Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

22—Carson City, Nevada, has a population of 1,690.

23—San Antonio, Texas. Within the walls of the Alamo they made a stand in vain against Santa Anna and his 6,000 invading Mexicans.

24—Washington, D. C.; Jefferson City, Missouri; Madison, Wisconsin; Lincoln, Nebraska.

25—Key West, Florida.

26—Providence, Rhode Island, was founded and named by Roger Williams, who was banished from Massachusetts for his religious views.

27—San Francisco during the gold rush (1848-49).

28—Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

29—Mobile, Alabama.

30—Hannibal, Missouri, has a statue of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn.

31—Tombstone, Arizona.

32—Omaha.

33—Fort Worth, Texas.

34—Memphis, Tennessee.

35—Richmond, Virginia.

36—Hartford, Connecticut.

37—Chicago, Illinois.

38—Miami, Florida.

39—Astoria, Oregon—for its founder, John Jacob Astor.

40—Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Why Senator Wheeler and Lindbergh Work Together

Did Wheeler heil Hitler in '35? Here at last is his own answer

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

☆ LINDBERGH wasn't at the Tugwell-Dodd dinner where Senator Wheeler, according to the President, made his famous remark about a German domination of Europe being "inevitable."

If Lindbergh had ever heard at that time, February, 1935, of either Tugwell or Dodd, he had given no outward sign. In fact, he had never publicly indicated an interest in any political figure, even Hitler.

Yet what the Senator is said to have said then at Rex Tugwell's dinner table is just what Lindbergh *is* saying today: that a Hitler triumph is "inevitable."

The alleged parallel is significant in our present inquiry as to why Lindbergh and Wheeler are working together. For if Wheeler said to Ambassador Dodd what the President said that Dodd said he said, the evidence would seem to be that, so long ago as 1935, Wheeler felt as Lindbergh feels now, and that therefore the working together of this incongruous pair in the present emergency is an obvious "natural."

If, however, as Wheeler told me in Washington, he didn't say any such thing, the motives behind their current collaboration lapse again into complexity.

For the alleged conversation around that Georgetown dinner table is about the only indication we have that Wheeler had ever subscribed, up to the time he met Lindbergh, to the seemingly un-American doctrine of defeatism.

The Senator's record on isolation is clear. He was preaching that doctrine back in Montana in 1916, when Lindbergh was only fourteen years old. Isolationism is a common product of the soil in the region from which he draws his political strength. A recent Gallup poll, showing that Florida was the most and Wisconsin the least interventionist of all the states, has prompted the observation that "it makes some difference whether you know the Atlantic Ocean personally or merely by hearsay."

Defeatism, on the other hand, is not indigenous to the great West. It is not indigenous to Burton K. Wheeler. In fact, defeatism in any form is the last thing Americans have reason to expect from the man or the region from which he hails. And it was the last thing, according to Wheeler himself, that he meant to imply in his conversation with Ambassador Dodd.

All of us who read the papers have read the President's version of that conversation as related to him by the Ambassador. Most of us who read Liberty have read the Ambassador's version as given in his Diary printed in these pages. Here, for the first time in any publication, is the Senator's own version, as he gave it to me across the desk between roll calls on the floor of the Senate.

"I had never met Rexford Tugwell when the President sent over his nomination for Assistant Secretary of Agriculture," he began, "but my interest was attracted by the opposition which immediately developed in the Senate committee. I looked into the man's record and couldn't find anything to justify the feeling against him except that he had the reputation of being a radical. Well"—here the Senator turned on that infectious grin of his—"I have been accused of being a radical so many times that I felt I ought to go to his defense. I became a sort of Tugwell champion. Ed Smith [Senator Ellison D. "Cotton Ed" Smith of South Carolina, Roosevelt-baiting chairman of the Senate Committee on Agriculture] would hardly speak to me. So, naturally, after the nomination was confirmed, Tugwell came in to see me and we became friends.

"But I wasn't the only senator at Tugwell's house that night. Black was there, I think, and possibly Bob La Follette—anyhow, two or three other senators—and this fellow Dodd. I had never met him either, and didn't know

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

much about him, but I was amazed at the things he began to tell us. Far from my telling him that a Hitler triumph in Europe was inevitable, he told us so.

"He had a map which he had colored up to show which countries Hitler was going to take first—this was in 1935, mind you!—and, believe me, he was a prophet. But I didn't believe him then. The whole thing seemed preposterous. I remember going home that night and saying to my wife: 'There was an old man over at Rex Tugwell's tonight, and I think he's nuts.' "

I ventured to suggest to the Senator that he must have said something which made Dodd think he foresaw a Hitler triumph.

"I couldn't have, because I didn't foresee it. I hadn't given much of any thought to Hitler then—hardly anybody had."

☆ UNFORTUNATELY, the Senator was too right. The whole world then was obtuse about the menace developing beyond the Rhine. Wheeler, especially, was occupied almost exclusively with problems of domestic economy. A faithful Wilsonian, he had voted for the World Court when the question came up the first time, and had voted against it the second time—this was after a trip to Europe which had soured him on the whole League of Nations set-up—but otherwise he had given only a minimum of attention to world affairs.

In fact, as late as 1938, when most people were acutely aware of Hitler and Hitlerism, Wheeler was chiefly concerned with legislation designed to take American railroads out of the hands of his old *bête noire,* Wall Street financiers. All of which—if it were not for his outward alliance with Lindbergh and his backers, the America First Committee, and for his own obviously increased inward dislike of most things Rooseveltian—would make him about the last man in the Senate we would expect to take the lead in the present struggle over foreign policy.

"As a matter of fact," he continued, "Dodd did most of the talking while we sat open-mouthed. But I do remember asking him why he was so sure Hitler could do all these things.

" 'Because,' he replied, 'Fritz Thyssen, the great German industrialist, is behind him.'

"I laughed out loud. 'All those ——— over there,' I said, 'have some rich ——— behind them.'

"That's all I said at that dinner about the chances of a Hitler victory—and you can judge for yourself whether I thought such a thing was 'inevitable.' "

Well, that's Burt Wheeler's story, and, if you know him at all, you know he's prepared to stick to it. To accept it as the true version does not reflect on the veracity of either Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Dodd. The former's version was, of course, secondhand, the latter's possibly confused. The Ambassador was not a young man, the President was a busy one; it is quite possible that neither heard aright.

Moreover, Burt Wheeler is not one to curse and run away. If he says a thing today, he'll say it tomorrow, twice as loud and three times as profanely, no matter whom it hits. He told me all the details of his break with the President over the Supreme Court; for example, that the Corcoran-Cohen crowd had tried to get him to introduce the original court-packing bill, and that he had refused.

"I was with the President an hour and a half the day Joe Robinson made his opening speech," he went on, "and he tried everything to persuade me to go along with him. When Charlie Michelson relayed a White House dinner invitation to me, I told him I didn't want to embarrass the President because I had just issued a statement that I was against the measure, and that he 'better tell the President to save the plate for some one who persuades easier.' "

He told me a lot more about this fight; how Tommy Corcoran banged his desk and shouted, "He wants it, and he's going to get it!" and he banged back and shouted, "He isn't going to get it!" All of which bears on the present situation only as it shows the Senator's forthright ways—but it does show those, to me, convincingly.

☆ AND that is not all. It would add greatly to his reputation as a prophet if he could boast that he had said in 1935 that Hitler's triumph in Europe, if not inevitable, was sufficiently likely to constitute a menace to the democracies. But as late as last April he was telling a Detroit audience that it was "simply impossible" for Hitler to dominate Europe. Two days before, the Nazi panzer units had rolled into Yugoslavia en route to Greece. Within the month the Nazi swastika was floating above the Acropolis and Hitler's legions were driving the last uniformed Briton from the European continent.

That Detroit speech of last spring would seem to establish beyond doubt the fact that Burt Wheeler's defeatism is not of a 1935 vintage or even of a 1940 vintage but of a very recent 1941 vintage.

Wheeler himself having thus destroyed the only evidence which would tend to show that his present espousal of the defeatist cause dates back to pre-Lindbergh days, we must look for more recent influences. That Lindbergh himself has influenced Wheeler to take his present stand seems exceedingly unlikely, since the Senator made it crystal clear that he had met the former Colonel only three or four times and did not know him very well. Besides, Wheeler is not the type likely to take his notions from a man twenty years younger than himself, and a politically inexperienced one at that.

No reflection on the Colonel is intended by that last remark. Every American has a right to speak his mind on any subject. But Lindbergh would doubtless be the first to agree that a dozen men we might name are better qualified by background and experience than he is to serve as authorities on European conditions as they affect the United States.

That Lindbergh should base his defeatist position on his personal belief in Hitler's invincibility, rather than on any pretension on his part to being an authority on international politics, was therefore to his credit. Any other attitude, in view of his so brief familiarity with European affairs, would scarcely have become him well. He lived in Europe just three years and three months, with time out for a pleasure trip to Egypt and a secret business visit to the United States. Most of this time was spent in a small village in rural England. A considerable part of it was spent on a small private island off the coast of France.

It is doubtful if the entire time spent by Lindbergh in actual European travel and observation exceeded materially the duration of the average American tourist's summer vacation trip to Europe. And most of this brief time was spent as a guest of foreign officials who took care that their distinguished visitor saw only what they wished him to see and talked only with those persons with whom they wished him to talk.

If he had possessed the most brilliant mind in the world, he would not have been able, by such means and in such a time, to become an authority on Europe, its governments, its people, its political aims. And there is no evidence that he even tried to do so. Apparently he had no more than the average educated American's knowledge of or interest in such matters until the weeks before Munich—and then his claim to authoritativeness was, so far as the public knew, confined strictly to aviation.

☆ HOW then could he expect the people of the land from which he had so definitely disassociated himself a few years before to accept him as an "authority" and an "adviser" on European affairs?

Obviously, only by featuring his doubtless sincere belief that his travels in Europe had given him some secret knowledge which other Americans—including the President, the State Department, and the nation's representatives abroad—do not possess.

The feeling that he may have such knowledge, backed by the lingering glitter of the "Lindy legend," is what makes people listen to Charles Lindbergh when he talks about the war being lost by the democracies before it began.

Isolationism is a political theory about which, on his record, the former Colonel can be expected to know little. Defeatism, on the other hand, is a state of mind to which, *if* he knows something we don't know about Hitler's invincibility, he is a legitimate prey. In this *if* lies his strength and, in the opinion of many, his sole justification for setting himself up as an authority capable of telling us what we should and should not do to pro-

tect ourselves and our children from the Nazi war clouds now closing in on our eastern shores.

That this *if* would be enough to influence a hard-bitten realist like Wheeler seems out of the question.

That either Lindbergh or Wheeler would knowingly sell out to subversive interests, at home or abroad, is, of course, quite unbelievable. But there is always the possibility that interests stronger than any individual are using both Lindbergh and Wheeler as *unconscious* tools to further their own selfish ends.

Fascists abroad and Fascists at home would undoubtedly be glad to do just that if they could. But there is no evidence that they are doing it. And in Wheeler's case particularly—accustomed as he is to withstanding pressure in domestic matters from some of these very sources—it is silly to think he would allow himself to be outsmarted now when the future of his country may be at stake.

There is obviously nothing in any of these explanations to clear up the mystery of why this forthright, fearless, fighting Western Senator has fallen a victim to the Lindbergh doctrine of defeatism—why these two men who are unlike in almost every known detail have joined forces to try to persuade us that we couldn't lick Hitler if we tried.

☆ THERE remains the charge to which any person exposes himself when he advocates a negotiated peace or any other peace which would leave Adolf Hitler free to continue his depredations against the Jewish race: the charge of anti-Semitism.

It is unfair to blame either the former Colonel or the Senator for the strong anti-Semitic atmosphere surrounding the meetings which they address. It is unfortunate for them, however, if they wish to keep themselves free of such associations, to have Fritz Kuhn's German-American Bund and Joe McWilliams' American Destiny Party distributing tickets at their America First rallies, to have Father Coughlin's Social Justice hawked at the entrances to their halls, and to have many of the most prominent seats at their meetings occupied by leading representatives of the so-called Christian Fronts.

I say this is unfortunate; but it is in no sense conclusive.

The charge has never been made, never openly at least, against Lindbergh; and I fail to find in any of his utterances anything on which it could be based. It has been made openly, however, against Senator Wheeler, and in a specific form which makes it incumbent on him to refute it specifically. Here is the basis of the charge:

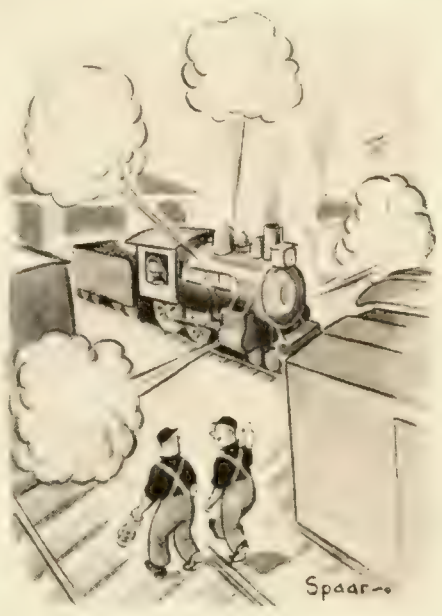
On July 19, 1940, Hitler said: "The Jewish capitalistic warmongers, their hands stained with blood, saw their tangible pretext for realizing their diabolical plans vanish. Once again we witness a conspiracy of . . . money-grabbing financial magnates for whom war was a welcome means for furthering their aims."

On March 3, 1941, Wheeler said: "Now we find these same international bankers with their friends the royal refugees and with the Sassoons of the Orient and with the Rothschilds and Warburgs of Europe in another theme song . . . 'Our investments in India, Africa, and Europe must be preserved. Save democracy!' "

This Wheelerian outgiving left him especially open to the anti-Semitic charge because, of all the bankers in the world, he mentioned only three, all of them Jews.

"Unfortunate, wasn't it, Senator?" I said. "Your mentioning only Jewish bankers by name?"

"I didn't in the first draft of that speech," he said. "I mentioned three American bankers, all non-Jews, and the three leading European banking houses, which happen to be owned by great Jewish families. If the three



"Every once in a while he gets to thinking about that alimony he has to pay."

American names had appeared, no one would have thought anything of it."

"What made you leave those out?"

"Why, I was sitting right here at this desk going over the draft, and when I came to the three names it seemed kind of unfair to single out three Americans who were, after all, no more important or blameworthy than a lot of others. So I stuck in 'international bankers' instead, without a thought as to how the absence of American names would make the European names stand out."

"Even the term 'international bankers' has come to have a certain significance, hasn't it, since Hitler uses it so much?"

"I was fighting international bankers before anybody ever heard of Hitler," answered the Senator.

Well, I had to admit that I had no answer to that one. That is so true that, even if I did not believe him a perfectly honest man, I would be inclined to accept the truth of his entire story. But he wouldn't let the matter drop.

"Me anti-Semitic?" he barked. "That's a joke, anyhow. Why, my chief assistant and investigator is Max Lowenthal. When I was investigating the railroads, Max hired a big staff of assistants. Ninety per cent of them were Jews. I have a woman office assistant—been with me twenty-six years—brought her with me from Montana when I first came to Washington: she's a Jewess. Satisfied?"

"Sure." I said. And I was.

No, the answer to the question, "Why are Lindbergh and Wheeler working together?" is not to be found in any easily made charge of duplicity or sinister intent. Both men are, I believe, quite above such implications. The answer is to be found within the men themselves.

In a previous series in this magazine, called Why Lindbergh Acts That Way, I have tried to set forth characteristics in the former Colonel's make-up which make his association with totalitarian leaders and his belief in the triumph of totalitarian forces in the present war understandable.

In this series I have tried to show you a man as different from Lindbergh as could possibly be imagined: not a rich man but a man of modest circumstances and tastes; not a type in political affairs but a man of long and wide experiences in the service of his country; not a grim autocrat but a warm, vibrant, sympathetic, fraternizing human being.

Add the fact that this fifty-nine-year-old statesman and this thirty-nine-year-old aviator hardly know each other, and it must be obvious that their seeming alliance to further a cause in which they both believe—but for very different reasons—is just one more of those coincidences which have given birth to the old saw that politics make strange bedfellows.

☆ IN short, the answer to the question, "Why are Lindbergh and Wheeler working together?" is:

They are not.

For the moment they are sitting on the same platform, but they came in through different entrances and their exits lie different ways. To Lindbergh, the fight to stop fighting is a crusade to which he would sacrifice very possibly his life and obviously his liberty. To Wheeler, it is a political issue—isolationism against interventionism—to be settled according to established constitutional methods.

Today, with Burt Wheeler, it is the War. Yesterday, it was Free Silver. Tomorrow, it may be the Townsend Plan. But always, according to his lights, he will be, in the best sense of the words, for America First.

In view of some of his recent utterances, I had come to be a bit doubtful. But the last question and answer of our long interview restored my faith:

"But if we do get into the war, what'll you do?"

"Why, of course I'll go right along with the administration and do my damnedest to help win it."

That was all I wanted to know!

THE END

Diagnosis

A tale of symptoms and success-with maybe a thought for yo

He touched him upon the arm. "I should like to speak to you," he said portentously.

☆ ONCE a year Dr. Sunderland Leigh abandoned himself to mob psychosis. For the twenty-four-hour saturnalia of the State-Wolverton football "classic" he forgot the duties and dignities of his position as the flourishing Midwestern city's foremost neurologist, closed his consulting room, recessed his classes, and became just another loyal son of dear old State amidst the general frenzy—ludomania, as he termed it with genial and condescending classicism.

This year he was dispensing the hospitality of his fine old mansion to half a dozen classmates of '99 who might otherwise have been reduced to camping in lobbies. For the invading army with Wolverton banners had pre-empted all hotel accommodations and tourist lodgings long months in advance. Emergency beds were quoted at twenty dollars a night.

They had dined well. After-dinner coffee was being served when a maid approached Dr. Leigh.

"What!" said the physician brusquely. "A patient? Nonsense. No, no. Send him away."

"Yes, sir," the maid murmured. "I tried, sir. He wouldn't go."

From the front room came the sound of a fall. Excusing himself, the host strode through the hall and entered the room.

A man of perhaps thirty, trim, handsome, and well dressed, was hoisting himself into an armchair. The expression of the face which he slowly turned was strained and uncertain.

Dr. Leigh assumed the consultation manner with which he was accustomed to overawe troublesome subjects—a mien at once formidable and precise.

"You are drunk," he said.

"No," said the man firmly. "Not drunk."

"Who are you?" the physician said, realizing that, indeed, the visitor was manifestly sober. "Name and address."

"I might be Ben Wesley Madigan of Flint, Michigan."

"Might be? You know who you are, I assume." Dr. Leigh permitted no levity in his professional contacts.

"No," said the stranger. "That is part of my trouble. How can I tell? You'd be annoyed enough if I claimed to be Ben Wesley Madigan of Flint, Michigan, and turned out to be Francis H. Bell of Cleveland, Ohio."

The neurologist's slightly protuberant eyes brightened. His lips silently framed the word "schizophrenic."

"How did you happen to come to me?" he asked.

"I asked the headwaiter for the leading nerve specialist."

"Why do you think that you need a nerve specialist?"

As if in mechanical response, the caller's left hand shot upward brow-high, and subsided, flaccid and inert. "There it goes again," he said gloomily.

"This has happened before?"

"Often."

"And when was the last attack?"

"Six months ago."

"What followed?"

"I died."

The physician's startled nerves gave a jerk. He steadied himself.

"But you're here," he pointed out reassuringly.

"Yes, I'm here. I can't explain it, doctor. Harrison McIntyre certainly died. At his home in Detroit. I was Harrison McIntyre."

The pride of Dr. Sunderland Leigh's long and distinguished career was his brochure on Traumatism as a Causative Factor in Obscure Neuroses, with Special Reference to Self-Conscious Schizophrenia, which had aroused widespread controversy and excited captious criticism by pigheaded ignoramuses—jealous of his fame, as any fair-minded reader could see. Certain symptoms exhibited by this interesting patient paralleled those cited in the Sunderland Leigh thesis. There were others to be explored: definite motor phenomena and a tendency to infantilism in speech, designated by the author as "silly and often pseudopoetic locutions."

He studied the attractive face before him. Was it not perceptibly asymmetrical? Surely there was a cant of the chin upward and to the left, a droop of the left eyelid.

"Do you experience difficulty in walking?" he inquired.

"At times. My left leg."

"Precisely! Feelings of depression at the same time?"

"Very marked depression."

"Apprehension?"

"Apprehension? Apprehension? Didn't I mention apprehension?" chanted the patient.

Dr. Leigh thrilled. Pseudopoetic locution, indeed! He tried further.

"Vertigo?"

"Certigo."

That settled it beyond peradventure of a doubt. Echophasia! He recalled with satisfaction that happy verbal coinage of his erudition. He had invented the word in connection with the case of Professor N——— (pp. 32-34 of his opus) upon which his critics had settled like so many buzzards. To be sure, Professor N——— had died of paresis shortly afterward.

But what did that prove? Or disprove?

In carefully casual tones Dr. Leigh inquired, "When did you suffer the injury to your head?"

"Three years ago. A collision, motoring." The intelligent eyes widened with surprise and admiration. "How did you know?"

The expert smiled indulgently. Bending, he ran gentle fingers over the head. Was not that a shallow indenta-

tion below the right ear? Fetching his calipers, the excited diagnostician made measurements, set down notes. Already he had reached a decision. He would operate. He must operate!

Dr. Sunderland Leigh was one of those enthusiasts who, in support of a pet theory, stand ready to risk life itself, though naturally not their own. Here, in the person of this patient, was the confutation of his critics.

"We're going to the hospital," he told the patient. "The private rooms are quite comfortable."

"With bath?" said the patient.

"Oh, certainly. Certainly."

"What's the price?" the man asked.

Somewhat surprised, Dr. Leigh said, "Nine dollars a day."

"Quite all right." Dr. Leigh thought that the stranger seemed relieved.

On the way to St. Benedict's, Dr. Leigh obtained from the patient the addresses of his three schizophrenic personalities, the quick and the dead, and saw him settled in. He then sent three telegrams, reply to St. Benedict's Hospital prepaid.

Though he forgathered later with the usual number of old cronies, the backslapping and reminiscences left him cold and fretful. He could not get his mind off his patient. Even the laying of bets and joining the pools failed to stimulate his interest.

At midnight he went home and called up the hospital. The floor desk reported that Room 137 had exhibited no special symptoms. Temperature, pulse, and respiration normal. Had declined enema, rejected phenobarbital sodium, one and one half grains, and had been sleeping soundly since ten o'clock. No papers or letters had been found upon him which might serve to confirm any of the addresses. Nor did his clothes help. They were made in London.

Dr. Leigh's night was restless. To operate without ascertaining the identity of the patient and his next of kin would be risky. Nevertheless he was determined to do it.

☆ NINE o'clock next morning found him striding eagerly down the corridor of the surgical wing. An obsequious nurse handed him the answers to his overnight queries.

Flint, Michigan, wired:

ONLY MADIGAN KNOWN HERE, CHAS. M., 72 YEARS OLD, FORMER COUNCILMAN FROM 4TH WARD.

Cleveland was no more satisfactory:

ADDRESS IN YOUR TELEGRAM CLUBHOUSE DAUGHTERS OF REBECCA. MIGHT HELP IF KNEW WHETHER FRANCIS OR FRANCES H. BELL IS MALE OR FEMALE.

Detroit replied tersely:

NO SUCH PERSON KNOWN.

Stuffing the sheets into a pocket, Dr. Leigh pushed briskly through the door of Room 137 and went back on his heels. The bed, unmade, was empty. He dashed into the bathroom. Empty also. He yanked open the clothes closet. There were no clothes. There was no note. There was nothing.

In fifteen minutes of eloquence Dr. Sunderland Leigh notably enhanced his unpopularity with the personnel of St. Benedict's Hospital, from general superintendent to assistant doorman. He left in a mood of apprehension, depression, and melancholia which would have justified him in operating upon himself.

His attention to the game that afternoon was a hollow mockery. Toward the end of the first half he abruptly lost what little interest he had feigned. Almost opposite, in a field box, sat his patient. With difficulty restraining himself until the intermission, Dr. Leigh hastened across. He touched the young man upon the arm.

"I should like to speak to you," he said portentously.

"To me!" Courteous surprise was in the tone. "Certainly, sir."

"You know me, of course."

The young man examined him with frank interest. "Sorry, sir. I never saw you before in my life."

"Make an effort," the physician adjured him. "Dr. Sunderland Leigh. Last night."

"Last night? There must be some mistake. Aren't you confusing me with some one else?"

For a moment Dr. Leigh's powerful and positive mind faltered. Yet there could be no error. This was his man. Everything the same: the fine hands, the rather elegant clothes, the pleasantly assured voice and manner, the attractive face, though now it seemed symmetrical enough and there was no droop to the left eyelid.

"Certainly no mistake on my part," he said grimly. "I shall have to ask you to come with me to the hospital."

"Hospital? What hospital? I really haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about!"

A huge young athlete who had been listening interestedly from the next chair set a persuasive hand upon Dr. Leigh's shoulder.

"Do you mind, sir? After the game, perhaps. I'm sure my friend will be glad to talk with you then."

Full of acrimony and determination, Dr. Leigh abandoned his party, found the nearest exit, and settled down to a dogged wait. It was no good. The group in the field box did not come out that way. They must have crossed the oval and taken another gate.

That night while he was engrossed in the congenial task of translating his notes on the strange case into rich, persuasive and convincing prose, St. Benedict's called him up. A note had come to the hospital for him, delivered by messenger at ten fifteen. Should they send it up? No, the physician said; he would come down. He wanted to refresh his mind with another look at the chart of his case, anyhow.

The night superintendent handed him an envelope. Within was a typed note, enclosing some bills.

Dear Dr. Leigh:

Forgive my little stratagem. It was a bet, $100 even that I could get first-class lodgings for ten dollars or less on six hours' notice.

The details I worked out from your admirable treatise, which I found at the library. I picked out those symptoms which I thought most likely to appeal to you. I hope they did.

The enclosed twenty-five dollars is respectfully dedicated to your further research.

Yours for schizophrenic rhymes,
Anastasius P. Q. Grimes.

Dr. Leigh tore the sheet into minute fragments. Then he cleared his throat, fixed the hospital official with an eye that was somewhat glassy, and said, "By the way, can you tell me what the final score was?"

THE END

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Footsteps Behind Her

PART NINE—"THE MAN INTENDS TO SHOOT ME"

ILLUSTRATOR
JAMES SCHUCKER

☆ THE automobile salesman's voice died for a moment as he paused for breath, and a dead stillness came over the place, except for the faint sounds of life coming from a distance. There was a cold grating noise as the man with the paper turned on his heel and walked around the back of the car to the other side. When he opened the door, the catch coughed metallically. The salesman, on his side, opened the door for the woman.

They bent down to get in—the man from one side and the woman from the other. For a moment Jo stared at them, hardly breathing with shock as they balanced themselves on the narrow running boards. Then their heads swung toward her until they almost touched her face.

The man's face showed nothing but a terrible blank, but the woman grinned with her eyes. The malice was unmistakable as she enjoyed the flaring terror Jo felt and made no attempt to hide.

"Oh, yes." The salesman's voice came floating in brightly. He was speaking to Jo as he walked around the car to get into the driver's seat. "As soon as you left me," the salesman was saying, "these people came in too, and showed their interest in the Dreadnought. It never rains but it pours."

He adjusted the seat to suit himself, and reached past Jo to close her door. He didn't look at her, but kept his eyes glued to the mirror above the windshield as he backed the car into a better position to get out on the sidewalk. The man and woman stared past her. They had a look of complacent interest, even a certain tolerance of her presence at *their* demonstration.

The salesman stopped the car, threw it out of reverse, and pressed the lever for forward speeds. Before the car began to move, he looked into the mirror again and said to those in the back, "By the way, did your call go through?"

"Yes," said the man tonelessly. "We made the call."

The car began to move silently and with unbelievable smoothness. The salesman flicked a glance at Jo out of the corner of his eyes. "I was sure you wouldn't mind."

She turned slowly toward him, weighing his tone for mockery. It didn't seem possible that he knew what he was doing in bringing them along. The chances were that what he said was true: he had mistaken them for customers, as he had mistaken her. Yet there was always the chance that this was less fortuitous than it seemed. Jo had no idea what connections these people had. Just by sheer luck, she was able to recognize four different people working together. For all she knew, there might be many others. The most casual strangers who had passed her without a glance might have purposes which would affect her. She was forced to suspect everybody until they proved themselves innocent.

Jo sat slumped in her corner of the seat as the car moved along the street. It was eastbound, and they drove onto Broadway. As soon as they had turned downtown, a light caught them and they moved slowly to a halt, and finally stopped in front of the last music store Jo had left. The clerk was standing in the doorway, and nodded to Jo, and then waved his hand. The man sitting beside her returned the wave and said, "Hi, Johnny," to nobody in particular.

The late-afternoon sky had become a deeper blue, and as they turned west and then north on Eighth Avenue the glittering signs of Columbus Circle cut sharp moving patterns in the first hint of dusk. Above the Circle, another left turn took them down a busy street toward the river. Through the deep gorge of old faded brick buildings Jo could see the Palisades.

"Feel that smoothness?" asked the salesman. "If you closed your eyes you'd never know you were moving."

As long as he continued to talk that

On the spur of the moment, she stepped out of the car.

Now, in a crescendo of fear, a vivid mystery novel approaches its climax

BY MITCHELL WILSON

way Jo knew she was safe. If he were really working with the people in back, he'd abandon the pose. Then the thought struck her that if he were really what she feared, he'd keep up the pretense as long as it was necessary.

There was no sound from the rear of the car. Jo sat with her eyes straight ahead, watching the street and traffic ahead for some sudden unexpected move from the driver. She turned her head slightly and tried to look into the mirror, but the angle was wrong. She had no idea what they were doing, if they were doing anything. The one impression that lingered most frightfully was the memory of the two heads coming close to hers and the vicious amusement in the woman's eyes.

It stuck in the back of her mind—the two faces never changing but always *seeming* to be growing larger. The impression of approach, continual and unceasing, was clearer than her visualization of the faces. It remained with her as though it were a dull pain whose exact position in her body she couldn't locate.

There were no lights in this part of town and traffic moved rapidly in an unorganized fashion. Finally they came out on a water-front avenue. Above them was the express highway, but down on this lower level the street was three times the width of Broadway, and most of the traffic was confined to trucks and vans which carried freight to and from the piers.

Running beneath the highway, Jo noticed that the speedometer read over sixty, but there was still no feeling of speed. The light was a somber gray and the huge steel pillars of the highway flew past like a moving picket fence. Finishing with this demonstration of speed, the driver began to weave in and out between the pillars, so that Jo was thrown from side to side without a chance to recover her balance. The car leaned far over, and it seemed that any moment it might overturn.

The salesman turned to her and smiled. "Make you nervous?"

He wasn't even looking as a mass of steel headed for them and swerved to one side by a miraculous twist of the wheel. "If the center of gravity weren't where it is," he told her, "we would have been standing on our broken necks long ago. This is the only car on the market which will take it."

It took it, but under protest. The scream of the tires sounded human, and the noise came and went periodically as the car would lean far over on the curve, straighten out for a moment of balance, and then lean far over in the opposite direction with another scream.

"How's it in the back?" he called. "Comfortable back there?"

There was no answer. He searched for them in the mirror, found them, and gave them a disarming smile.

"You can't beat a demonstration when you've got the real goods to deliver," he said, almost as though he were talking to himself.

"I'm convinced," Jo said.

"Watch this," she was told.

He had reached a large empty portion of the road, and he suddenly accelerated the car from sixty-five to ninety. There was still no feeling of motion inside the car. The only indication was the speedometer.

"Sit tight," he said.

He jammed on the brakes, and Jo braced her legs against the floor board. It seemed as though some great new gravitational force were shoving her forward. In the last few feet the speed dropped from thirty to ten almost abruptly, and the man behind her was thrown forward. She was aware of his head behind hers. He was breathing down her neck. And as Jo looked out of the tail of her eye she saw him bracing himself with his hands on the back of the seat. In his left hand was a black revolver!

It seemed to be only a few inches from her neck, but, from the way he held it, she could see that he had no intention of shooting within the next few minutes. It lay in his fist, with the barrel pointed askew; it was, for the moment, simply an object which was interfering with the retention of his balance.

To Jo the most obvious thing was to get out of the car as fast as she could; but the street was deserted and, if the man wanted to, he could drop her before she was ten feet from the car. The nearest building was a storage house almost a block away.

The car was idling along at two miles an hour with that maddening smoothness. She felt as though a game were being played on her nerves.

"Ingram's fans my whiskers with Speed, COOLNESS!"

● "Men, put Ingram's in your shaving battery and watch that Murderers' Row of Stings, Burns and Terrors go down like strawmen. It gives your razor new speed and control—your face a new idea of shaving coolness and comfort.

• • •

● "Ingram's quick-action cream is unique! The smallest dab lathers up into generous clouds of lather that cools and conditions your skin for shaving while it wilts your stubborn whiskers.

• • •

● "Ingram's wilts a beard faster than a speed merchant can steal second! You shave crisply and cleanly—and you finish looking younger and more attractive—cool and refreshed—a coolness and freshness that lingers for many hours.

● "Ingram's is a double-header value. No lotions or tonics needed after Ingram's invigorating action! Refreshing Ingram's shaves leave your skin smooth and cool. Get a tube or jar of Ingram's today. Either way, it's concentrated for economy!"

INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM

"The advantage of our hydromatic transmission," said the salesman. "There's no laboring, no rear-end noises and bumping. It's just as smooth at this speed as at eighty. No other car will do it. Now watch this."

The force which had thrown her forward before now reversed itself and glued her back in her seat. It seemed as though her head would snap off. It was impossible to breathe. The car was being accelerated. She could hear a bumping behind her as the two people were also tossed backward. The idea of that gun so carelessly held spun garishly in Jo's mind. Any sudden shove or swerve would throw the man off balance, and an involuntarily tightened hand was enough to fire it.

☆ "SEVEN and a half seconds." The salesman said it triumphantly. His voice broke in on her fear as a stupid irritant.

"We just went from two to eighty miles an hour in seven and a half seconds," he told her. "We could have cut that down by three quarters of a second, but I didn't want to distress you."

"It's all right," Jo said in a low voice. "I think I've seen enough to make up my mind. Suppose we go back."

She said it very quietly, not only to deliver her message but to see if it were possible to talk to him so that the others might not hear. True, the four of them were sitting within a few feet of each other, and the people in back would do everything possible to hear what she was saying. Yet it was worth the chance.

"What did you say?" the salesman asked. He turned to her good-humoredly. His voice was normal but several times louder than Jo's. "I didn't get you."

"I said," she repeated, barely above a whisper, "let's go back."

The smile in his eyes sharpened into a look of amused annoyance, and from there to a question. He seemed to be waiting for her to go on.

"The man in back intends to shoot me," Jo went on. "He's been chasing me all afternoon."

The salesman's eyes opened wider, but the smile remained. Jo watched him, praying that the smile would disappear as the words would make sense to him. At any moment it ought to go, and give way to alarm and suspicion. Second after second went by in silence, and the smile remained.

Finally he shook his head and laughed apologetically.

"I'm sorry," he said, laughing. "I must be going deaf. I couldn't make out a word you said." He looked up to the mirror and spoke to the faces he saw in it. "Did *you* hear her?"

"Why, yes." The man's voice came from behind Jo. It was polite and also amused. "That is, I think I did. Back here, it sounded as though the young lady said that she wants to go back because I have a gun and want to shoot her."

The salesman laughed outright now. "That's exactly the way it sounded to me," he confessed. "What *did* you say?" He turned again to Jo. The innocence in his eyes was not feigned. It was too monochromatic. He hadn't the vaguest idea of what was going on.

"I simply said that I was convinced of the car's worth," Jo told him, "and that I thought we ought to go back."

"Good. I'd hate to think two prospective Dreadnought buyers couldn't trust each other. Our polls show that Dreadnought owners belong to the top three per cent of our population, and if our best people are killers," he said, chuckling at his own joke, "then what kind of society do we have, after all?"

He turned the car around in a wide, graceful curve, and headed downtown, threading the shadows of the girders like a shark darting through underwater foliage in a shallow sea.

"You'll get a better idea of the wide choice you have in design and color when you get back to the showroom," he went on. "And if you don't see exactly what you want, then perhaps we can make up the thing you'd like. My advice," he added, taking them all into his confidence, "is this: be as fussy as possible. The firm is anxious to please and will go out of its way to do so. The smart thing is to take advantage of it."

☆ HE continued to talk, but Jo's attention wandered. It was imperative that she get out of the car without the two people. Somewhere along the way she'd have to take a chance.

The difficulties were obvious. There was no way she could hide her motions from them, and as soon as she made a move they'd be right behind her. It was the old problem again—the one she'd had to face all afternoon: to find an avenue of escape which would open just long enough for her to get through, and then close before the others could get in. A Red Sea escape on a small scale was what she needed.

They drove to Broadway at Sixty-sixth Street and headed downtown. Jo watched the numbers of the streets as she went by, and glimpsed a subway kiosk as they turned a corner.

The district was a cross between a shopping center for a residential neighborhood and a watered-down projection of the business area lower down. The street was very wide and an island separated uptown and downtown traffic. A trolley cruised alongside of them next to the island, and on the other side were taxis and trucks. When they stopped for a light at Sixty-fourth Street, the vehicles bunched up together in four lanes and there was barely room enough to open a wide door.

And even if there were enough room, there would be nowhere to go. Jo sat very still, and the light changed. As they began to move forward, she heard the rumble of a subway beneath the island. The cars went on downtown, but crystallized in their lanes now. Their order broke up slowly, due to different speeds, and they left the trucks behind, slowly overtaking

a green bus. Another light stopped them at Sixtieth Street.

A little ahead was the wide circle, with several lanes of traffic converging and separating. In the center of the island Jo saw another subway station. She heard the noise of a train grow louder and stop as it waited at the platform. On the spur of the moment, she threw her weight down on the door handle she was leaning against, and stepped out of the car. The bus confronted her, and she saw that it blocked the opening for the rear door.

☆ WITHOUT a word, she ran around the front of the car and the trolley. She didn't even look back, and if the salesman had something to say, she never heard it.

As she ran down the dusty steps, she fished for change in her bag, but, as before in the telephone booth, she had no nickels. Halfway down, she saw that there was another staircase going up, and decided that if she couldn't make the train, she'd leave the station without waiting for the next one. They'd be after her long before another came in.

The train was still standing there as she came down, and the conductor stood on a small platform between two cars, looking up and down the station. For once, luck was with Jo. The man in the change booth didn't delay her. She got through the turnstile, and saw the car doors close all the way down the line except in front of her.

As soon as she squeezed herself in, the train started forward. It was crowded with young boys and girls carrying books, some of which were plastered up with little stickers bearing names of high schools.

There was a great deal of noise and shoving, and very young empty laughter. Jo turned about as soon as she could, trying to get a glimpse of the turnstiles to see if she had been followed; but she could see nothing. They had already passed the main part of the platform, and all that was visible now was the narrow end. There was no one standing there. Jo was positive that they hadn't made it.

The doors between cars were open, and Jo could see down the long, narrow yellow-lighted corridor between seats that extended down the length of the train. It was never straight for a moment, but seemed continually to weave about a central line as the train rocked along over the curving tracks. Jo walked to the end of the car, where the conductor stood.

"What's the next station?" she asked him.

"Fiftieth Street," he said.

"Is it possible for some one to miss the train at Fifty-ninth and catch it there?"

He pondered for a moment.

"I never heard of it being done," he said. "You'd have to have a fast car, and some one driving it as though he were scared of his life to miss the train. If the crowd at the station is large, and slow in getting on, we could be delayed a couple of minutes. And

IT'S RISKY BUSINESS

to drive behind a windshield clouded with "oily film"!

STOP INVITING ACCIDENTS! Oily film on your windshield catches dust and fogs your vision. It's dangerous—and unnecessary! For Bon Ami Cake cleans windshields quickly and easily . . . *polishes the glass crystal clear.* And it stays clean longer for there's no oily liquid film left behind to pick up summer road dust. Make it a safety rule to use Bon Ami Cake regularly.

"BON AMI easily and quickly removes stubborn bug-spots. Don't let them mess up and cloud your windshield when it's so easy to get them off with Bon Ami Cake."

"hasn't scratched yet!"

BON AMI CAKE

for auto windshields

Copr. 1941, The Bon Ami Co.

Each advertisement appearing in Liberty has been scrutinized carefully. We believe every product or service so presented can be relied upon to live up to all statements made in the advertisement.

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ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. About 20,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."

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TRAIN-SICK?

MAY BE PREVENTED AND RELIEVED WITH THE AID OF

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SEASICK REMEDY

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WE THINK that a cigarette can be successful without making extravagant advertising claims.

IN FACT, the only purpose of this announcement is to let you know that for 65 years we have been making finest quality tobacco products—and that we consider **CHELSEA** as fine a cigarette as we know how to make.

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← 4 MORE than the usual 20. To the pack-a-day smoker this means 1460 extra cigarettes per year.
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If your dealer cannot supply you, send $1.50 plus state tax if one exists in your state for a carton containing 10 packs (240 cigarettes) to Reed Tobacco Co., Dept. LB-8, Richmond, Va.

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

HAY-FEVER

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Aids in preventing dust, dirt, pollen from reaching sensitive nasal membranes and further aggravating irritations due to Hay Fever, Asthma-Sinus affections. Sold at most Drug Stores, or write direct to KOEHLER CO., NEWPORT, KENTUCKY

CHAFED SKIN

Raw, smarting surface relieved amazingly by the soothing medication of

RESINOL

that's the crowd we got now—the shopping crowd on their way home." He nodded to her encouragingly. "Don't worry, miss; they might make it, at that."

"Thanks," said Jo doubtfully. She decided to go back to the door by which she had entered. It was the last one on the train. At the next station she'd watch for them, and if they got on somewhere along the line, she'd wait until the last minute to step off, which would leave them on the train without her.

She made her way back to the center of the car. All the seats were taken, and the high-school boys in the aisles made way for her with polite smirks. One even minced after her for a few steps, imitating her, to the hysterical delight of his friends; but Jo ignored them. She wasn't amused, but it was certainly nothing to get angry about. She'd had experience with boys of this age before.

Jo felt the train slow down before she saw any signs of the station. Looking out of the window in the train door, all she could see were the dirty walls of the subway tube, lighted every so often by a naked dusty bulb. The train was crawling now, and still no platform. It gave her a feeling of being trapped. She would be unable to see any one getting on or off, while she would be stuck here in the last car, with no place to retreat. A tiny bubble of panic blew up in her throat, but it exploded as a few feet of the station came into view and then the train finally stopped.

The platform was crowded. When the door opened, she had no chance to get off, due to the inward surge. They came at her with no rush, but tremendous force slowly and irresistibly applied. She was pushed back to the center of the aisle, and while she was still trying to regain her balance the train pulled out. Jo turned around to ease the pressure on her, but found herself facing a newspaper. It was held almost at the level of her face—a little higher, in fact, so that the person who was reading it must have been taller than she by about a head.

☆ ALL she could see of the person who was holding it was his fingers. They were clean, large, and flat all the way to the tips. The nails were broad and well kept. The paper shifted slightly and Jo saw the dented crown of a gray felt hat, and then it was gone as the paper went back to its first position.

The bubble of terror re-formed, but Jo fought it down. She told herself that she was going on nothing more than that the man had on a gray felt hat, and half the men in New York wore them. She could tell nothing from the fingers. They simply belonged to a man who had never done any manual labor, and a good part of the men in New York worked at desks. If he was tall, then so were a million others.

The train lurched and swayed as it roared down the tunnel. As it moved, the man reading the paper rocked with it—now toward her when she swayed back, and when he withdrew she found herself leaning toward him. The pressure of standing people about them had frozen them in this immobile relationship.

Jo finally forced her way back a step or two, and the man stepped after her. This too needn't mean anything, Jo told herself; he could simply be taking advantage of the extra room.

Suddenly the train came to a halt. It was an express station. Forty-second Street. All the children and most of the other passengers turned and faced the door in anticipation of leaving.

The man with the paper turned also; and as he did so, Jo saw that she didn't know him. He was a smiling, happy-go-lucky person, and Jo saw that he had been reading the comic strips. In another moment he was gone, and the train was practically empty. The lines of straw-covered benches gave the impression of ample, uncomfortable room. The door closed and the train pulled out again.

☆ JO went over to a bench and sat down. Only one other person was in the car besides her. He was down at the front end, sitting on the same side as she was. All she could see of him were his feet and arms. The end of the bench, folded upward to allow for the opening center door, obstructed the rest of her view.

It was a moment of relief for her, and she rested for a few seconds so that she might catch her breath. Her heart had been pounding at a furious rate, and she felt hints of hysteria in her relief. It was really funny, the way she had allowed herself to get so worked up over a man who spent his time reading joke sections. She was free, finally—really free—with no one behind her.

The next job was to find out where she was, and she rose to examine the subway map on the opposite wall. It was a pale blue map with the different subway lines traced across it in red and blue, so that it looked like the circulatory system of some strange animal. But the glass in front of it was dingy and acted as a mirror. When she got close enough so that she could see the rest of the train in it, she stopped dead, staring at it. But not at the map. The focus of her gaze went on deeper than the mirrorlike pane of glass covering the diagram. She was staring at a face she saw there, and the face wasn't her own. It was the face of the man sitting at the other end of the car.

It was the old man from the transcontinental bus. He was looking at her, and for a moment they stared at each other's reflection in the dirty pane of glass. He was smiling slightly.

Have her enemies caught up with Jo at last? And where are Dick and Corio? Don't miss the final installment of this strange and exciting mystery story. Surprises, thrills, drama—in Liberty next week!

BEVERLY HILLS' MOVIE GUIDE—Continued from Page 6

pleted in England just before the war broke. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer acquired it, then hesitated to release it. Its sneers at capital left the movie moguls worried. But here it is, two years later. It never will be box-office—but it is an outstanding film achievement for the discerning.

Cronin wrote of a boy of the Welsh coal fields, a boy with just a few more dreams, a little more vision than his fellows. This David Fenwick overrides sneers and gibes, studies hard, wins an Oxford scholarship, hopes to enter politics and better the conditions of his people. But into his life's orbit comes a shallow, selfish, pretty girl, the cast-off of a tough young bookmaker.

David throws his dreams aside, marries Jennie Sunley. Then—when he finally sees the girl for what she is—he casts her aside. All this happens just as the subterranean water breaks through the walls of the mine. Death rides through the tunnels, taking David's father and his brother, but the disaster brings him back to battle for the betterment of mineworkers.

The direction of Carol Reed, the young man who did Night Train, is amazingly gripping. His grueling study of the lost handful, dying slowly in the mine depths, in a pocket out of reach of the murky waters, leaves you unsteady at the pit of your stomach. Michael Redgrave is excellent as David. Margaret Lockwood, so good in The Lady Vanishes, gives a devastatingly real study of the faithless little hussy. Emlyn Williams does a vivid portrait of the boy of the coal fields who lifts himself to race-track bookie and shoddy Lothario. And there is a superb character study of David's stoic mother by Nancy Price.

Redgrave is a young English actor who tried writing, editing, teaching, before he followed in the footsteps of his parents, theatrical folk. Nancy Price is one of London's leading actresses, played the role in White Oaks done over here by Ethel Barrymore. Oddly enough, she lost her own father, a miner, in a disaster such as is pictured here. Even Emlyn Williams, known to the Broadway stage as an actor and playwright (he wrote Night Must Fall), started life in the Welsh coal fields. All of the film was made in England, the mine-shaft scenes being shot in a large natural cave near Twickenham, the interiors being braced and given the general appearance of a mine.

P.S.: That voice of a commentator you hear as a prologue and an epilogue belongs to Lionel Barrymore. It was added over here.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

★ ★ ★ THE BRIDE CAME C. O. D.

Bette Davis, in her first comedy in three years, plus Jimmy Cagney, plus one of those mad zany farces. Bette does a dream girl of the tabloids, with a Texas oil-millionaire father and a night-club fame. She is about to plunge headlong into a marriage with a famous (and self-infatuated) band leader she has known for exactly four full evenings. They hire a plane to wing them to Las Vegas and matrimony. The pilot (he's Cagney), on the verge of bankruptcy, gets in touch with the girl's startled father by long-distance, arranges to deliver Miss Charmer, unwed, to daddy in Texas for enough money to salvage his tottering company. He takes off without the prospective bridegroom, but the girl puts up a fight, the plane gets out of control, there's a forced landing in the desert close by a ghost mining town.

All sorts of cockeyed complications follow, the girl takes flight into the tunnel of an old deserted mine. (We're bullish on mine tunnels this week!) The result is a fast farce, with Cagney at his best, Bette giving splendid comedy assistance, the two pushing each other into cacti and out. Veteran Harry Davenport contributes fine aid as the deserted mine town's single surviving citizen, the one-time innkeeper of the place.

All this is broad slapstick, but it really is funny. Bette has been wanting to do a picture with Cagney—and she got her wish. Says she learned a lot about acting from Jimmy during the filming.

(Warner Brothers.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Sergeant York, Major Barbara, Citizen Kane, Meet John Doe, Pépé Le Moko.

★★★½—The Devil and Miss Jones, That Hamilton Woman! A Girl, a Guy and a Gob, Tobacco Road, Cheers for Miss Bishop, So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, This Thing Called Love.

★★★—They Met in Bombay, Moon Over Miami, Blossoms in the Dust, Tight Shoes, Underground, The Big Store, Man Hunt, Out of the Fog, Caught in the Draft, In the Navy, Billy the Kid, Sunny, Blood and Sand, The Reluctant Dragon, Love Crazy, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans, Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade, Pot o' Gold, The Sea Wolf, That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings, Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling, Back Street, The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me, Hudson's Bay.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

(For eleven years Donald Gordon's opinions and ratings of new books have been used by some 25,000 libraries and bookstores. His Book Tip will be a weekly feature for readers of Liberty.)

FATHER AND HIS TOWN, by Richard Barry.

Perhaps because its development came later and faster than the Eastern communities, the California scene has been neglected by reminiscing books of the country-lawyer order. But Barry fixes that handsomely in his story of the astute Irishman who came into "Santa Ybel" with thirty dollars and a family, took over the newspaper and, over a period of years, the town. You'll like to read about it.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

The dog days are over and the lion days are here, say we immodestly.

★ ★ ★ ★

Your favorite theatre-owner—we prefer to think he is the one who shows M-G-M pictures—can give you the complete tip-off on the goodies in store.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is our policy to show M-G-M films to your f.t.o. well in advance so that he can—as we say—book them with discrimination.

★ ★ ★ ★

In passing we might remark that an exhibitor books a film whereas a producer films a book.

★ ★ ★ ★

And one of the books that has been really well-filmed is Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde".

★ ★ ★ ★

As soon as your favorite theatre-owner saw the picture he called up the laurel-maker and had four sets made.

★ ★ ★ ★

One for Spencer Tracy, one for Ingrid Bergman, one for Lana Turner and one for Victor (GWTW) Fleming, director.

★ ★ ★ ★

Spencer Tracy is known in Hollywood as the actors' actor. That is, all experts not only admire his personality but bow low to his technique.

★ ★ ★ ★

His Dr. Jekyll is only rivalled by his Mr. Hyde. His is the most sincere of all two-faced performances.

★ ★ ★ ★

In boisterous vein there comes "Lady Be Good", (good? . . . it's better than good!) based on an original story by Jack McGowan. Starring Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern and Robert Young. Plus values: Lionel Barrymore, John Carroll, Red Skelton, Virginia O'Brien.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Lady Be Good" is a rare entertainment. We'll take your word for it.

★ ★ ★ ★

Particularly great in music, including the famed score of George and Ira Gershwin. With added fillips by Jerome Kern, Oscar Hammerstein, Roger Edens and Arthur Freed. Ascap's own.

★ ★ ★ ★

And great in comedy is the screen play by Jack McGowan, Kay Van Riper and John McClain.

★ ★ ★ ★

Presented by the Maestro of Movies.

—Leo

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Girl Meets Girl

Saving Graces

BY BUBBLES SCHINASI

☆ BLACK MAGIC: "What are you going to wear?" asked one of my friends. "That black crepe with the white collar *again?*" I suddenly realized that every one was as tired seeing me in my "uniform" as I was of being seen in it. Still, I felt a little piqued and determined not to buy a new dress for the last two weeks of summer.

"I'll fix that same dress," said I to me, "and defy any one to recognize it."

I removed the wilted white collar, and, with a clear picture of the basic lines of the dress, went off to shop.

At Grace Menken's I found a pigskin belt from which hung small pigskin hearts studded with bright stones. This cost $2, and there was a matching cuff bracelet for $1. These, I felt, prepared my dress for morning and luncheon. (Grace Menken, 485 Madison Avenue, New York; but shops in other cities also carry them.)

For the afternoon I bought a *different* necklace. It was made of rows and rows of tiny red, white, and blue safety pins!—and cost $2.50. A good share goes to aid for Britain. (Jay Thorpe, 24 West Fifty-seventh Street.)

For dinner I decided to dress up. I bought two fresh white carnations and wore them at the waist of my dress—and, to show off my manicure, black lace mitts, which cost $1 at McCutcheon's and lend a sweet old-fashioned touch. (McCutcheon's, Fifth Avenue at Forty-ninth Street.)

I am pleased and proud to report that I got three costume changes for $6.50, counting the carnations! P.S. My friends didn't recognize the dress.

Small-Change Serenade: Now, I'm not generally known as a miser, but I love to save my pennies. The latest addition to my bank shelf is a globe of clear glass with a slit to insert your coins. It is appropriately titled a Bubble Bank (any similarity is purely coincidental). This is yours for 98 cents. (Bloomingdale's, Fifty-ninth Street and Lexington Avenue.

Glamourgadgets: Now that I've advised you to save your money, I'll tell you about some new glamourgadgets to spend it on.

One of the cuter compacts about town is a large bright red leather heart, which can be bought at Peck & Peck for $2.95. Wouldn't it be fun to have the initials of your summer romance, as well as your own monogram, engraved on the cover? (Peck & Peck, 711 Fifth Avenue.)

Next time you're shopping, ask to see the seamless Nylons. They come in a warm sunburned shade—which bare legs should be and so rarely are—so sheer that people would swear you wore no stockings at all. Ask for Best's Seamless Nylons at $1.50. (Best & Co., Thirty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue.)

Wouldn't you like a silvery chrome lighter with an engraved facsimile of your signature? They cost $3.50. Write to Zippo Manufacturing Co., 5 Barbour Street, Bradford, Pennsylvania, to learn where you can buy them in your town.

If you are enamored of lucite, that wondrous substance, you will be elated to learn that it comes in a variety of bath and dressing-table accessories. I bought a powder brush with back and short handle. If you don't already use a powder brush, you'll love them, as they avoid that fallen-in-a-flour-barrel look. (Bergdorf Goodman, 754 Fifth Avenue, $2.)

If you need another slip, do look at the precisely tailored ones available at Macy's. They are, believe it or not, handmade and of pure silk, for only $3.69. (Macy's, Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway.)

An amusing but practical pocketbook can be found at Jay Thorpe's. It is a large purse of plain or striped material in gay colors, with a wooden handle which, when opened, reveals ample space for bathing suit, knitting and other midsummer miscellania—but here's the trick: the base of the bag hides a parasol! Yes, a real sixteen-rib parasol. ($5.95 at Jay Thorpe, 24 West Fifty-seventh Street.)

Best Foot Forward: If your feet are tired and hurt after a long hard day, soak them in warm water with Bellin's Waids added. This dainty stuff bubbles in an astringent and cooling fashion at your feet and really relaxes them. (10 Waids for $1.50, Lord & Taylor, Thirty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue.)

Coffee Cocktail: To sample the drink of the summer, take the tallest glass in the house, fill it slightly less than half full of very frozen coffee ice cream, and pour over this extra strong black coffee; add a dab of whipped cream—it's heaven!

Memos on My Mirror: Select one certain color and make it your very own—always. Have a bit of it about you—a ribbon in your hair, soap in your tub, writing paper in your desk, and at least one dress of it, so people will remember you as the girl in green, or think of a special shade as *your* blue.

Wear all your bracelets on one wrist and nothing at all on the other wrist.

Treat your ears to the magnificent recording André Kostelanetz and Alec Templeton made of Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue.

Knit your sweaters and socks, and so forth, on needles of red, white, and blue—makes dropping stitches a patriotic pleasure.

Have decalcomania fish swim along the edge of your tub (the family will fight over who may transfer them from paper to plaster).

Begin brooding about autumn accessories while it is still warm. It is such fun to plunge mentally into fall and your best black while you are still absorbing summer sun in your pet pastel.

File your friends in a small handy box. Make a separate card for each one, listing their birthdays and anniversaries, their favorite flowers, food, books, music, hobbies, colors, as well as whatever presents you have already given them. For somehow right now, with the whole world concentrating on large and important things, it is more than ever the little things that matter.

Girl Meets Girl will appear again in an early issue with a Fall Fashion Forecast.

A VERY BLIND DATE—Continued from Page 13

A whole lot better, unless he was slipping.

The phone rang. Pete moved toward it. Something like a panther making a kill. He didn't think it was Chloe, of course. Which was lucky. It wasn't.

"Long-distance—Florida," the operator said. "Hold the wire, please."

Jud, of course. Setting the stage for the next act. Trotting out the genius one expected from him. Putting on a show. A good one, for he didn't sound like Jud at all. That is, not unless you knew Jud *awfully* well.

☆ "OH, yes, I met her," Pete assured him. "Nice girl, if you care for blondes. I'm allergic to them now, though, and—"

"Where is she now?" Jud asked.

"How would I know? *You* tell me. I wouldn't be surprised to see her come out of the walls or out of the bedroom wearing my pajamas. Or would that be old stuff for you?"

"Listen," Jud said. "This is serious. I'm at police headquarters—"

"Swell. I don't know what they've got on you, but I hope they make it stick, and that you get life. Goodby."

"Hey!" Jud bellowed. "This is a matter of life and death maybe. Where did you see Chloe last?"

"Sorry, it's slipped my mind. Maybe it will come back to me."

"Stop kidding," Jud implored. He was going good now. "And stop interrupting—"

"As long as you're paying for the phone call—"

"Chloe works in the rogues' gallery here—"

"Oh, so *that's* where you met her—"

"Stop it. She left here to take a steamer for Cuba because the police had a tip that a man who is wanted for murdering a policeman here was sailing on it."

"What was she going to do about it—hold his hand while the police put handcuffs on him?"

"She was just going to make an identification if possible. But she picked up the man somewhere. About an hour ago the chief here got some snapshots she'd taken of him somewhere—"

"She never took a picture in her life," Pete informed him. "She doesn't know one end of a camera from the other. She—"

"She knows more about cameras than you ever will. She's official police photographer here. There've been articles in the papers and magazines about her. They call her the Gamma Glamour Girl. Gamma has something to do with pictures—"

"I know," said Pete. "Gamma is print quality. It's—"

"She's the one who told me about the gun camera I wrote you about," Jud pressed on. "She got one for the police department to try out. It was on the gun of the policeman who was shot, and they got pictures of the guy who shot him."

"Swell. I'm relieved, Jud. Life in the army hasn't changed you a bit. If war could be won by practical jokes, Hitler would be in the bag."

"On my word of honor—"

"What's that? Didn't get you. Poor connection probably."

Jud didn't answer. He was talking to somebody on the other end. Saying, "*You* talk to him. He thinks this is all a joke."

Another voice came on the wire. Clipped, official-sounding.

"Chief of police speaking. As Lieutenant Tyler told you, Miss Woodbridge is official photographer for this department. Besides the two snapshots telephoned by the police department, a set of fingerprint specifications was wired. We have checked and they check. We don't know where she picked up the man—"

"I was there when she picked him up," Pete said. He was not impressed. Jud *would* work out all details, even spring a faked chief. "I can't say I admire her taste, but—"

The voice intervened. It came from Florida but it sounded like a breath from the South Pole.

"Lieutenant Tyler was called in because Miss Woodbridge said she was meeting a friend of his in New York. We thought you might have some idea of her whereabouts. She had notified the New York police to get in touch with her at a night club she named. The New York police have just reported that she is not there—"

"What do you expect me to do about it?" asked Pete.

"Nothing," the voice snapped and the connection snapped with it.

☆ PETE replaced his phone. He knew Jud. All that he had heard had all the earmarks of one of Jud's bigger and better practical jokes. He'd fix it for Pete to meet a girl. Cook up the scenario. Place her in danger. Have Pete running around New York with his tongue hanging out, looking for her. Phoning the police, getting a Bronx cheer.

But suppose it wasn't a joke. Just suppose—

Pete thought fast. Maybe Chloe did know a lot about cameras. Maybe she had been putting on an act. He had thought her dumb. About cameras anyway. But if she were really expert she'd have gotten the snapshots all right. And fingerprints as well. He remembered that the pick-up had been holding a small mirror for her while she used lipstick.

He remembered something else. The letter Jud had written. He dug it out. Read:

"They've got a rogues' gallery here with one feature that would surprise you. I'll bet you'd love hanging around there. A lot to delight your eye. Equipment all very much up to date."

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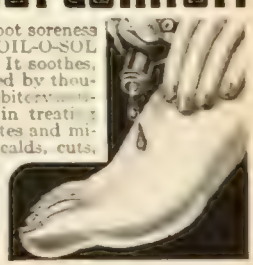

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Westinghouse MAZDA LAMPS

Pete had thought Jud was referring to photograph equipment. Now he suspected that the up-to-date equipment was not inanimate but definitely feminine.

He remembered something else. Chloe's rogues' gallery crack.

"Sure," she had said. "That's where I take all my pictures."

Had she been tipping him off? Maybe Jud had told her that he was smart. If so, the joke was on Jud this time, for Pete hadn't been smart.

Time he got smart. Got action. He put in a call for Florida. He got headquarters, the chief of police. He apologized. He said he just wanted to check on the description of the man Chloe had picked up. He got it.

Chloe had gotten her man all right.

"Just what is he wanted for?" Pete asked.

"Murder. There was some funny stuff happening at the army base. Sabotage. We—"

"Sabotage?" Pete echoed. "What made you suspect him?"

"He seemed to have a lot of leisure and a lot of money. Smart-aleck, oh-yeah youngster. We hadn't anything on him actually, but sent an officer out to bring him in. He shot the officer and got away—"

"How did you get the tip he was sailing from New York?"

"Letter. Anonymous. From a girl. Sounded as if he were ducking her and she was sore. Said he had boasted about doing a lot of things to gum up government jobs here and elsewhere and had to get out of the country before things got too hot. What's all this to you?"

"Checks into some work I'm doing. Government stuff," said Pete.

☆ IT checked in all right. He knew the type the chief described. They were Communists in college, more so afterward. They didn't care for work. They preferred to lead youth movements and boo Presidents.

Most of them weren't vicious. They might squeal under pressure, but they didn't shoot, usually. But the one Chloe was with somewhere in New York was a killer. He—

The phone rang. This time it *was* Chloe.

"Where are you?" Pete demanded.

"In the little girls' room," she answered. "And the orchestra is playing I Wish I Were Alone with You, Just for a Minute—or isn't there any such song?"

There wasn't so far as Pete knew. But he was getting smart. He knew she was double-talking. Telling him she wasn't alone.

"I just wanted to call you," she said, "to ask if you had heard the news from Florida."

"I've just talked to the chief of police," Pete said.

"Fine," she said. "Now you know just why I left in such a hurry this afternoon. Wasn't it odd that he should turn up at the beach—"

Pete exploded: "Fine! You walk off with a murderer. Why didn't you tip me off? Let me—"

"I was afraid he might have his camera with him, under his coat maybe," she explained. "I thought he might try to take your picture and you were in your bathing suit and what could you do about it?"

More double-talk. Pete got it instantly. She had thought he might be shot.

"He might have taken *your* picture," Pete said. "He may yet."

"Oh, he wouldn't do anything like that. I'm the girl of the month for him now. He refused to take me to the night club I asked him to, which gummed up things a bit, but now that he has had a few drinks he can't live without me. He didn't even want to let me out of his sight. But I told him I couldn't sail for Cuba with him tonight without making a couple of phone calls first and—good-by."

The instrument clicked. Pete shouted, "Hey, wait a minute! Where are you?"

A voice spoke: "Number, please."

"I don't want any number. I want that call traced. The one I just had—"

"Very well. Replace your phone, please."

☆ PETE did so. And reached for his handkerchief, wiped his forehead. The night was hot, but it wasn't the heat that was making him sweat. Or even the humidity.

Good heaven! Why had he let himself become tangled up in double-talk? He should have found out at once, definitely, just where she was. He would have if she hadn't hung up on him. He hadn't expected that. Now—

The phone sounded. He didn't have to leap for it. He had been practically camping on it.

"Lady said to give you a message," announced a voice which might have come from Florida at some time and which presumably traced to Africa as a matter of ancestry. "She says to tell you everything is simply daisy and not to worry. She will call you later. Goo'-by."

"Wait a minute," Pete said. "Where—"

"That's all I know. Ah'm busy. Goo'-by," said the voice.

Again the phone clicked at the other end. Pete wiped some more sweat from his brow. But he was a little relieved. Maybe the police had made a pinch. If Chloe could phone him she could also have called the police. First, probably. A prowl car would have gotten there in no time. Maybe it had been the arrival of the police that cut her call.

He picked up the phone, called police headquarters. They were public servants but they didn't recognize their master's voice. Not even when Pete told him who he was.

"Listen, buddy," the desk sergeant told him. "You may be the whole Gestapo. I wouldn't know. Anything, except what you'll see in the morning papers. You can wait until then, can't you?"

Pete couldn't. Instead he called up a newspaper.

"Yeah," said a voice that presum-

ably even the assassination of Hitler wouldn't have flurried. "The story is in the office. Gamma Glamour Girl from Florida gets her man. Police pulled the pinch about half an hour ago. Who's talking?"

Pete told him. He made it sound as if it were practically J. Edgar Hoover in person.

"I get you," the voice told him. "There's that angle to it, too. This guy has been doing some sabotaging over in Jersey, which is right down your alley. I'll put the man who is writing the story on—"

Pete asked quickly, "Any idea where Miss Woodbridge is now?"

"She's at the Eastbury. Now just tell Eddie here about the Jersey sabotage angle and— Hello?"

But he was talking into a dead wire. Pete, having been hung up on several times this evening, was now doing some hanging up himself. To call the Eastbury.

"Hello?" another weary voice answered. "Miss Woodbridge? The reporters just left. I don't think she wants to be disturbed any more—"

"This," Pete roared, "is the Bureau of Criminal Investigation."

"Why didn't you say so? Think I'm a mind reader?"

It was to be hoped that she was not an eavesdropper, anyway. For Pete didn't talk like the Bureau of Criminal Investigation.

"It's me, Pete Havens," he told Chloe breathlessly. "How soon can I see you?"

"How would I know! Where are you?"

"I can be there in fifteen minutes—"

"If you are worried about your film, I think I can get it for you. Tomorrow morning maybe—"

"Please don't tease. You wouldn't want me to get down on my knees and beg, would you?"

"How would I know if you did? And I haven't any idea what you want. Or how important. Or how long it will take you to tell me about it. So—"

"I wouldn't be surprised," Pete told her, "if it would take a lifetime."

☆ "OH," she said. And was silent for what seemed to Pete a couple of eons.

The operator broke in.

"Waiting?" she asked.

Nobody within range of his voice could doubt it.

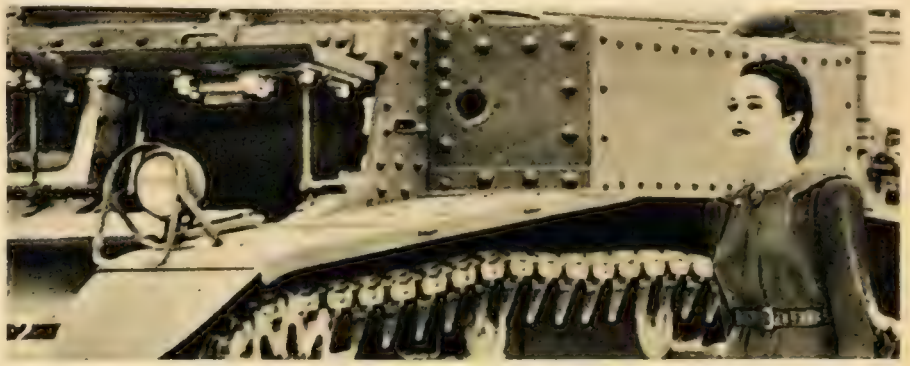
"You sound breathless," Chloe said, sounding a little breathless herself. "So perhaps you'd better hurry—"

She stopped there. Because he had hung up on her. But she didn't mind, as she took from a tumbler an orchid that had spent some hours in her handbag. She had hoped it would live. It was the first she had ever received and that would be something in a girl's life. It seemed to be thriving as she pinned it on.

"Now," she assured the orchid, "if you get pressed, it won't be in a book."

THE END

Dorothy Lamour, star of the Paramount picture "Aloma of the South Seas", is pictured inspecting . . .



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WHY HITLER DECLARED WAR ON RUSSIA

Continued from Page 9

The participants agreed that their military position on the Egyptian-Libyan border could repulse any British attack possible within the next four or five months. However, climatic conditions and the necessity of organizing supply lines would prevent any Nazi offensive at Suez before September.

Mussolini, armed with a dossier of statistics, then declared that the burning question of the moment was bread grain. By the end of summer Italy would reach the point of starvation rations. So would France and Spain and smaller Axis-dominated countries. If the war was to go on into next year, continental Europe needed a much greater contribution from the Russian larder than that received thus far.

Hitler replied that plans for drawing Russia closer to the Axis war effort probably would have been carried out but for the Hess affair, as a direct result of which Stalin had received, via London, certain information that had led to a stiffening of his price. In addition to the Asiatic concessions already agreed upon, the Kremlin had now expressed desires in Europe at the expense of Turkey, Rumania, and Finland.

It was here that Field Marshal Keitel broke in with the statement that Germany could not grant such demands and look the world in the face.

Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop said hastily that he saw no reason why Russia could not be made to lower her demands. But for the Hess affair, he would already have wrung the necessary concessions from the Kremlin. He was still confident that the Russians could be brought around with patience and diplomacy.

Pointing at a map, Keitel insisted that diplomatic methods had always resulted in arrangements at the expense of German prestige. It was time for the Kremlin to learn that Germany could not be trifled with.

Ribbentrop protested that this had been during a period when Germany's military might had not been fully demonstrated. Now that the Reich armies had swept over the Balkans, the situation was so different that Stalin as premier had taken matters into his own hands. Ribbentrop was certain that the near future would witness a personal meeting between Stalin and Hitler, resulting in an iron-clad military alliance between Russia and the Axis Powers.

Mussolini spoke up again: A military alliance with the Bolsheviks was impossible so far as Italy was concerned. Turning directly to Hitler, he reminded him of their secret meeting in 1939 at Bolzano. He quoted him to the effect that Russia could always be dealt with at the proper time—when her benevolence was no longer necessary. Now, Il Duce declared, was the proper time.

A significant silence followed. Few of the men in uniform had ever heard of that night meeting at Bolzano. Mussolini's abrupt reference to Hitler's old assurance to him there was a revelation to them all.

Ribbentrop turned blusteringly on Mussolini. He accused him of implying that the Führer had committed himself to making war on Russia when the time was ripe. He then warned that a Russian war might well lead to ultimate disaster. The Axis needed Russia's grain fields, cotton fields, copper mines, oil wells, shipyards. All these and more could be obtained by shrewd diplomacy—one bite at a time. Stalin did not want war with Germany. He would rather cede everything, gradually. On the other hand, if war was forced upon him, and even though Germany soon overwhelmed Russia, those needed sources of supply, plus the Russian transportation system, would be found in such pitiful shape as a result of the conflict that it would take months, perhaps years, to get them going again.

How the hidden Axis machinations uncovered in this article led to Hitler's onslaught upon Russia will appear in further disclosures by Wythe Williams in an early issue.

This precipitated a long discussion. Field Marshal Keitel finally said he was all for negotiations with Moscow. He would accept a military alliance if it could be had on reasonable terms. However, to obtain such terms, diplomacy must be backed by a demonstration of military might. The German armies in the Balkans should be transferred to the Russian frontiers and reinforced by divisions drawn from western Europe. Since Stalin did not want to fight, a fight would not be forced upon him. But he would know he could expect one unless he chose sides quickly.

When Mussolini rode southward, he was sullen. The Germans had insisted upon a military alliance with Russia. He declined to face his traveling companions, Acting Reich Ambassador Prince Otto von Bismarck and Reich Military Attaché von Rintelen. He quit the train at Bolzano and flew to Rome in his private plane, all by himself.

However, Il Duce, whether he realized it or not, had no weighty reason for despair. Other and powerful forces were serving his interests. One was represented by that mysterious personality, that deeply religious man, whom he had introduced to Hitler and who had later been taken in hand by Dietrich, Hitler's press chief. When the Führer's train left Brennero, bound for Berchtesgaden, that mysterious guest was aboard.

THE END

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LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

☆ DON'T be surprised to hear about a celebrated couple lobbying in Washington for a *Second Helpings Law*. They are André Kostelanetz and Lily Pons, musical man and wife, and they think steps should be taken to curb the wastage of food in showy restaurants where plates are piled so full the customer often can't down it all. "If second helpings were instituted," says Mr. Kostelanetz, "the first helping could be reduced to avoid waste, yet any one who wanted more could have more. At a time like the present—a time of carnage and hunger abroad—it seems indecent to see food wasted here for display purposes." . . . The band leader and I were lunching together when he brought out this interesting idea, shared by Lily and himself, both foreign born, in lands less generous than America. With me André exchanged reminiscences of going hungry during the Russian Terror. *I'll* vote for his Second Helpings Law! . . . Along with his disapproval of waste, he also has a complex against hurrying. Though he times a broadcast to the split instant, he can't dress or shave on schedule unless he does it to music. For shaving he has a record of a tune he composed to run precisely four minutes. "I shave in three," he said. "The extra minute is there in case I cut myself." . . . Genuine songs of the old American West are his enthusiasm. "Most Russians love them," he explained, "because they remind us of our own gypsy songs, to which they are akin through the quality of unexpected improvisation. Modern swing music has the same appeal."

☆ *Wholesale Grocery Quiz.* . . . Do you know what weights or quantities are designated by the following terms: A *lug* of apricots; a *fleet* of cheese; a *flat* of mangoes; a *Louisiana hamper* of tangerines; and a *strap* of limes? . . . Answers at end of page following.

☆ A FRIEND of mine has a chic new hat supposed to be an exclusive model. At a restaurant she saw a lady across the room wearing one just like it. Instead of feeling angry she took the situation as a joke, pointed back and forth at their hats, made a funny face. The lady across the room stared, frowned, and turned red as my friend continued the pantomime. People sitting near by watched the scene with bewilderment. By chance my friend looked at herself in a mirror, and then *she* turned red. The hat she was wearing wasn't her new one—not the one like the other lady's!

☆ I'll Eat You Last is the appetizing title of H. C. Branson's fine new detective novel—peachy for vacation reading. (Published by Simon & Schuster.)

☆ NOW'S the time, in the juicy midst of the ripe peach season, to try this *Peach Custard Pie* as a dress-up dessert. Serve cold but not frigid. . . . Peel, pit, and parboil enough ripe peaches to have 1 cup pulp pressed through coarse sieve. Beat yolks 2 eggs with ½ cup sugar, stir in the peach pulp; add 2 drops almond extract and 1 cup cream. Pour into pie shell that has been baked only 10 minutes. Finish baking in moderate oven—about 35 minutes—

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"It prevents my boss from messing them up while I'm on my vacation!"

until custard sets. When pie has cooled, make a ring of meringue around the top.

Brown in oven. Just before serving, fill center of ring with sliced fresh peaches and a little whipped cream.

☆ "ONLY once in my life," said the genial gentleman, "have I ever drawn a winning number.

"With that sole exception, I've always lost at lotteries, sweepstakes, ships' pools, and everything else."

I asked him what he won that single time. "Not a thing," said he. "I drew the number for somebody else."

The gentleman thus telling me about his jinx was winner of world-finance millions Jules S. Bache!

☆ TO save cloth as a defense economy, our daytime clothes this autumn will be untrimmed, cut plain, many of British woolens. Evening gowns picturesque but not flimsy—substantial enough to last. The severity of the styles will lend extra importance to shoes, belts, bags, scarves, hat ornaments, jewelry, and so forth.

Like a general plotting a battle, one very well dressed girl I know laid out every accessory she owns, spreading them all over her bed, bureau, and chairs—then used fashion advertisements to scheme what would go with what, so that she would have the greatest variety for the least expenditure. . . .

Newest lapel pin, by the way, is an oversized daddy longlegs with black-pearl body.

Worn on your left lapel, it means your heart belongs to daddy.

☆ *Answers to the Wholesale Grocery Quiz:* . . . 26 pounds of apricots; 30 to 40 pounds of cheese; 12 mangoes; 50 pounds of tangerines (224 pieces); 51 dozen limes.

CROSSWORDS

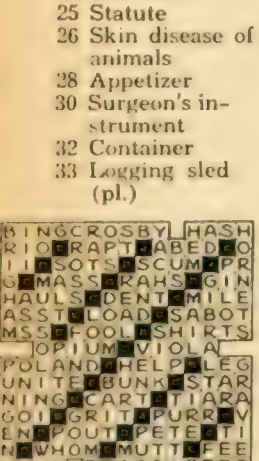
by Lee Pasquin

HORIZONTAL

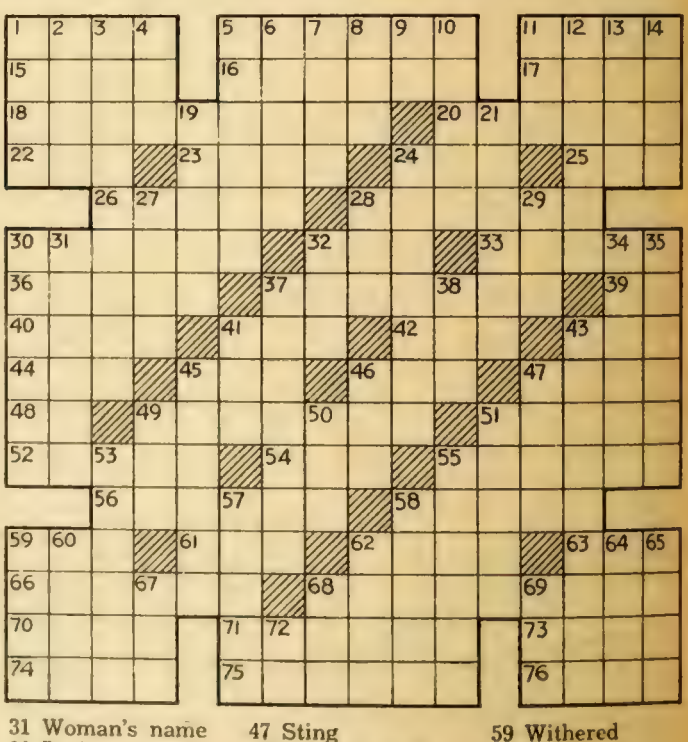
1 Cloak
5 Humbles
11 Sins
15 Wing-shaped
16 Thin plate or scale
17 Ship
18 Outer boundary of plane surface
20 Dress goods
22 Also
23 Part of stove
24 Golf term
25 Statute
26 Skin disease of animals
28 Appetizer
30 Surgeon's instrument
32 Container
33 Logging sled (pl.)
36 Revolving piece of machinery
37 Turned
39 Prefix: down
40 Was indebted to
41 Net
42 Performed
43 Cover
44 Through
45 Plot
46 Lair
47 Greek letter
48 Preposition
49 Artery
51 Turn
52 Tender chicken
54 Droop
55 Sarcasm
56 Lessened
58 Cap
59 Salt
61 Matter in aeriform state
62 Possess
63 Help
66 India rubber
68 Church officer
70 Grain
71 One who escapes privately
73 Bristle
74 British statesman
75 One of an ancient Italian people
76 Cheese

VERTICAL

1 Entranced
2 Combining form: oil
3 Instrument used in weather forecasting
4 Silkworm
5 Newly hatched salmon
6 Tanner's mixture (pl.)
7 Word of ratification
8 Title
9 Printer's measure
10 Devil
11 Flow out
12 Stirred up
13 Genus which includes frogs
14 Ragout
19 Tooth
21 Harangued
24 Displayed
27 Footless animal
28 House pet
29 Seed covering
30 Geographical region
31 Woman's name
32 Position
34 Newspaper official
35 Dignified
37 Rests
38 Metal
41 Armed conflict
43 Made buoyant
45 Supervise
46 Excavate
47 Sting
49 Kind of horse
50 Urchin
51 Peeler
53 Residence of royalty
55 Harsh
57 Species of vetch (pl.)
58 Continental watering place
59 Withered
60 Dry
62 Indian tribe
64 Particle
65 Small quantity of spirits
67 Japanese coin
68 Unruly crowd
69 An enzyme
72 Note of the scale



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

THE CASE AGAINST UNION WITH BRITAIN

Continued from Page 23

say that the population of the United States is about 132,000,000 and of the British Empire about 550,000,000—in Union Now, from a population standpoint, that would be the relative strength. And ultimately the vote would be on that basis, since it would be impossible for Americans to refuse the vote to large numbers of human beings simply because their skin is pigmented or they live in the wrong geographical areas.

The crux of this discussion is that we are living through a period of revolution when the techniques and political thought of all the world is changing. President Roosevelt, for instance, constantly speaks of "hemisphere" relations. He emphasizes the importance of Central and South America in our affairs. Hitler has developed a continental system which involves now all of Europe except the United Kingdom. Africa is being fought over, and even the United States regards one point in West Africa, Dakar, as part of the American defenses. Japan is attempting to carve an empire in Asia from Vladivostok to Australia. Russia has been silently pushing her power into Iran, Turkestan, and Mongolia.

And within these political and geographic areas, government is assuming responsibilities which lessen the rights of the individual both in the political and the economic sphere. The parliamentary system is disappearing with alarming rapidity; even in the United States, the President sidesteps Congress in a lust for speedier acquisition of administrative powers.

☆ THESE changes are occurring at a tempo so swift their manifestations can hardly be measured. Who can say at this moment what the consequences of the totalitarian revolution will be half a century from now? Certainly the present tax structure of England is forcing that country away from capitalism and the huge public debt of the United States is involving this country in the dangers of a reduction of the private ownership of wealth.

My point is that, whether we like it or not, this war is forcing upon us political and economic changes, the consequences of which we are unable to fathom. We are moving into a new era. We are moving without chart or compass. The best we can do, in our own interest, is to beware, to watch, look and listen, but to avoid as far as possible giving up our birthright for something that we know nothing about.

And what is that birthright? It is citizenship in the freest nation on earth. It is citizenship in the sanctuary of liberty. It is citizenship in a fellowship of men and women who live without inherited hate. My equity in that birthright I share with no one.

THE END

THERE'S WHAT WE WANT, JOHN—NOW LET'S FIGURE OUR PAYMENT PLAN...
SENSIBLE people nowadays are finding out, in advance, just what it would cost to buy a car on time. Where every penny counts, it's wise to choose your financing plan as carefully as you choose your car...
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This Man's Army

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

☆ I AM a National Guardsman home on furlough at this moment, and *I'm mad.* Why? Because of an item in your page which must have left a very wrong impression with your readers. I want to correct it. Now look, Sarge. I'm a native Vermonter. I've worked all through New England and I was never south of the Mason-Dixon line until last fall. So you can't say I am prejudiced in favor of the South.

Yet I want to state that the Southern people are simply swell to the Northern boys stationed at Camp Blanding, Florida, of whom I am one. When we go into Jacksonville, nothing seems to be too good for us. We are given parties and dances and treated like kings. The girls, and I mean the really nice girls, take us home to dinner and to meet their folks.

We may not like Blanding's sand, but we're all out for the people who live in the South.

Corp. R. E. H.,
Camp Blanding, Fla.

'Attaboy, Corporal! I'm delighted to print your letter as a sincere tribute to your Southern hosts and as an answer to some of the other letters which have expressed criticism of the lack of Southern hospitality to men in uniform. You also confirm the favorable impression I got during my last trip around the Southern camps.

A suggestion. I realize how very much it must mean to the boys to get a lot of mail from home, but it also means a lot to the folks at home to get letters from their sons or brothers or husbands or sweethearts. I tried an experiment and it worked. Now with every letter I write I enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and a couple of sheets of writing paper. You'd be surprised how many more letters I get than I did before. Other people may not have thought of this rather simple trick.

B. L. W., Chicago, Ill.

That's a swell suggestion which will be welcomed especially by the boys on field maneuvers where writing materials are hard to come by.

I'm nothing but a private over here in Hawaii, and I enjoy the life, with one exception: the Military Police. Those boys I *don't* like. It seems that if an M. P. doesn't care about your looks he'll run you in just for the hell of it. I know one M. P. I'll do my best to find when my hitch is over. Otherwise the Army is O. K.

Pvt. M. F. B., Wheeler Field, T. H.

Seems to me I can remember hearing that sort of talk somewhere before. Probably I did some of it when I was first in the Army. Even now I hold no brief for those few M. P.s who like to throw their weight around. But I can respect the way *most* of them carry out their orders. After all, no lawbreaker, actual or potential, loves the guy who has to enforce the law. By the way, what was your fracas?

Not proving a thing, but . . . At a downtown movie the other night, they had the usual newsreels of marching men and war machines. Then came the flag, tugging at its staff, and it was received with an explosion of applause. A couple of nights later I blew myself to the post movie show. Again the newsreels, followed by that shot of the flag. This time there wasn't a sound . . . instead, an eloquent silence from 400 boisterous boys in khaki. I liked it. No amount of noise could have been so expressive . . . it made me more confident of the future of the country for which Old Glory stands.

Pvt. J. E. L., Brooks Field, Tex.

Your letter needs no comment.

In answer to the recent gripe of some major about enlisted men walking around with their hands in their pockets, I submit this suggestion. Let the Army issue short swagger sticks such as those used in the British Army. The main reason why a soldier sticks his hands in his pockets is because he doesn't know what else to do with them.

R. G. L., San Bernardino, Calif.

You may have something there and I'd like to see it tried out in one outfit, the men to decide on the merits.

I was a National Guardsman when induction came, but I failed in my physical tests. Should I have registered for the draft or am I exempt?

R. P. L., Norwich, Conn.

It's a good thing you finally decided to ask some one! Of course you should have registered if you were over twenty-one and under thirty-six on October 16, 1940. The fact that you failed to pass physically when your outfit was inducted did not relieve you from the duty of registering according to law. Go to your local Selective Service Board, explain what happened and that you misunderstood the law, and pray!

Whene'er I see an elephant,
Especially from the back,
He reminds me of a rookie—
His pants are so darn slack.

The Post,
Savanna Ordnance Depot, Ill.

"Gimme one hundred and seventy-six vanilla, eighty-four chocolate, and fifty-nine toasted almond."

The Indian Sign

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

BY NED BROWN

READING TIME • 2 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

☆ "I CAN lick any blankety-blank in the house!" The great John L.'s voice reverberated and shook the Parker House barroom. The crowd at the bar shifted uneasily, and the gaping ring of spectators stood at a respectful distance from the round wooden table at which the champion sat, and gaped at him in silent awe. The great man was in his cups.

"I can lick any blankety-blank in the house!" This time John L. looked defiantly about the room. No one else stirred.

No one? A wizened old tad standing at the bar calmly downed his "boilermaker - and - its - helper"—straight whisky with a beer chaser. Deliberately setting the empty beer glass on the bar, he wiped the foam from his lips with his right sleeve and, with a baleful look in his eye, he marched steadily up to the great fighter.

Arriving within arm's reach, he paused and, in a voice without fear or anger but laden with biting sarcasm, said distinctly:

"Ye can lick annybody in the house. Sez you! Why, ye can't even lick yerself. The back of me hand to ye!"

Thereupon he whacked the great John L. a stinging backhand blow fair across the mouth. "Take that, ye spalpeen!"

The crowd galvanized into a rigor mortis. Time stood still.

"One more word out of ye and I'll let ye have it again," said the wizened Mick. "In fact, I'll let ye have anither one just for instance!"

And with that he hauled off and again whacked the great Sullivan across the mouth.

The crowd waited for Sullivan to reach out his great paw, seize his tormentor, crush him like a sere and yellow leaf, and drop the little pieces like ashes on the floor. But the great man made no move.

The tad turned disdainfully, went back to his place at the bar, and said to the bartender: "And whin does the house buy?"

"Right away, sir," said the jittery bartender as he overflowed the whisky glass and hastened to supply the beer "helper." The wizened Irishman downed both drinks in two gulps, again wiped his mouth with his sleeve, cast a last threatening leer at the great fighter, turned and marched out of the place.

Immediately the crowd came to life and one of the braver shouted over at Sullivan:

"Jawn, why didn't ye belt him one? What's the matter with ye, man? Why didn't ye hit him back?"

"I couldn't," said the great John L. "I couldn't do it."

"Why couldn't ye, man? Tell us, why couldn't ye?"

"I couldn't"—and the great John L. actually looked chastised—"because he's me old man!"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

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REGENT... a new standard of smoking enjoyment!

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Problem

the Surprising Sto

☆ WHIRLAWAY isn't a little girl, and he hasn't a curl, but he has a remarkable tail. And when he's good he's very good, and when he's bad he's terrible.

Three months ago they didn't even notice Whirlaway's gorgeous tail, though that alone should have been enough to make him famous. Then came May 3 at Churchill Downs, and Whirlaway was standing under the blanket of red roses—the winner of the Kentucky Derby! And May 10 it was Whirlaway again, under a blanket of black-eyed Susans—the winner of the Preakness!

June 7, and it was white gardenias and Whirlaway—the winner of the Belmont! But, more than that, Whirlaway had crashed the most sacred portals of horsedom. He had become the winner of the mythical Triple Crown. Only four horses before him, Sir Barton in 1919, Gallant Fox in 1930, Omaha in 1935, and War Admiral in 1937, have won the Triple Crown, despite the fact that the exalted headpiece is more than sixty-six years old.

Whirlaway's a little horse to those who don't know him, and a "big" little horse to those who do. His color is a burnished red gold, and his most distinguishing characteristic is his glorious flowing red tail.

Somehow, that tail gives him a great deal of dignity, but at the same time it makes him appear smaller. Actually he's an average-sized three-year-old as to height and weight.

It's his head and the way he's put together that show him to be what he is—a great horse. His eyes are set very far apart, which in thoroughbreds is a sign of intelligence. The upper part of his head is broad, but his face tapers down to a thin, fine nose, with no hint of stubbornness or meanness.

He's built like a middleweight fighter, one solid chunk of big powerful muscle. His stride is long, easy, and graceful. He carries no unnecessary weight on his slender ankles.

Trainer Ben Jones thinks it's Whirlaway's speed and endurance that make him great. "Really his speed," he added thoughtfully. "Whirlaway has more natural speed than any horse I've ever seen."

But Whirlaway wasn't always perfect, and much of the credit for his greatness must go to his jovial round- and ruddy-faced trainer from Parnell, Missouri. As a two-year-old Whirlaway suffered from a dose of nerves, and it was only Ben Jones' patience with him and his faith in his ability that kept "Little Red" from being just another goofy horse.

Last winter in Florida, when Whirlaway was being beaten regularly, many another trainer would have given up and relegated him to Grade B or C handicaps. Certainly they wouldn't have insisted, as Jones did, that he was going to win the Derby. But Whirlaway had shown Jones his blazing speed; more than that, Whirlaway comes from a very famous family.

Little Red was born in Kentucky on the Calumet Farm of his owner, Warren Wright. His daddy is Blenheim II, the noted English stallion formerly the property of the fabulously wealthy Aga Khan. While in England, Blenheim II won the 1930 running of the Epsom Derby, which is England's Kentucky Derby.

Whirlaway's grandfather, the sire of Blenheim II, is Blanford. Blanford sired two English Derby winners.

On his mother's side Whirlaway is equally as blue-blooded. His dam is Dustwhirl, and she is also the dam of the stake winner Reaping Reward. His maternal grandmother is the celebrated Ormonda. Ormonda is a Sweep mare and thus passes on to her grandson the Domino strain. The Domino family and Man o' War's family—the Fair Play family—are considered by students of thoroughbred bloodlines the two most important and successful strains in American breeding.

Mulling over Whirlaway's erratic performances last year, Jones said, "At first I thought that something must be hurting him and that was making him run out at the turns and possibly making him so fretful in the paddock when he knew he was going to run. But I got down and felt his legs by the hour and I couldn't find anything at all the matter, so I figured it must be all in his head."

One of the results of this deduction was the one-eyed blinker which Whirlaway wore in the Kentucky Derby and has worn in every start since then. Prior to that he had worn regular leather cup blinkers, which directed his gaze straight ahead and cut off his vision on either side. Wherefore the question arose in Jones' mind, could it be that Whirlaway, unable to see the rail, and going along at his terrific speed, drifted out on the turns because he was unconscious of their whereabouts? Perhaps if the cup were removed from the eye on the rail side Whirlaway could see the white fence and his own common sense might tell him that he should follow it. And this is just what happened.

There was still his disposition to be worked on—his high-strung nerves, his extreme fretfulness before a race that left him weak and shaky.

Often another animal around, one of which he is fond, will quiet down a nervous horse. Wherefore, last fall Whirlaway found a friend being thrust upon him. Suddenly, everywhere that Little Red went, Silver King was sure to go. Silver King is Ben Jones' own big gray saddle pony. He's a cheerful fellow; nothing worries him. He's been trained to do whatever the boss wants and ask no questions.

But for the first three months Whirlaway ignored Silver King. Little Red's a bit reserved and stand-offish. He seeks attention only from those he knows well. It was in Florida that he started to take a fancy to the big bucolic gray. Today he follows Silver King every place.

It was in Florida, too, that Whirlaway's training routine changed completely, although he's had the same trainer ever since he first breezed as a yearling. And this is really the secret of the new Whirlaway! It's not the one-eyed blinker. It's not Eddie Arcaro—though good experienced riders play a tremendous part in winning races, and Arcaro, who has ridden Whirlaway in all of his stake engagements this year, is one of the best.

It's actually the fact that Ben Jones began to pamper Little Red.

There's a lot of difference in pampering. Horses in big stables get one kind. They have everything little rich children have. But the other kind of pampering—personal attention and devotion—seems something reserved for poorer children and the nickel horses of gypsy horsemen. Today Whirlaway gets both kinds. And it wasn't until he'd been given the unorthodox pampering that he began to show his true greatness.

Whirlaway and Silver King start out in the morning around 7 A. M. Ben Jones is on Silver King, and on Whirlaway is his regular exercise boy, Pinky Browne. They leave the barn and walk slowly down the road. On the way to the paddock they stop and nibble grass and gaze at the scenery, just as though they had all day to enjoy themselves.

On the walking ring, they take a few turns around, nibbling grass all the while, then they continue to the race track. On the track they walk forward and backward, and Little Red can back just as cleverly as the pony. After this they continue their meandering around the track. Sets of horses come breezing by, and today Whirlaway ignores them as completely as

Whirlaway, Triple Crown winner, takes a bow after a race.

A captivating close-up of turfdom's brightest star and how he got that way!

Horse—of Whirlaway

BY HAMBLA BAUER

does Silver King. Last year they would have fussed him into a lather.

About halfway around the track Little Red takes off for his gallop alone. He gallops quietly but he pulls hard, and only a strong boy can keep him from running off. He strides gracefully, with his neck bowed.

After his work is over he meets Silver King, and on the way home they stop in a field of clover and bluegrass and for half an hour they eat.

When Little Red races everything is the same. Silver King takes him to the paddock, stands by him while he's being saddled, walks around the walking ring with him, and parades to the post with him. This last proceeding, by the way, costs the Calumet Farm an extra ten dollars. After a race Silver King picks Whirlaway up and brings him back home. But again they go first to the field of clover to graze before Whirlaway returns to the barn.

At home in his stall Little Red has two other companions he likes and trusts. One is his groom, Dan Barnette, and the other is a Dalmatian called Bogy. Bogy belongs to Barnette and has adopted the little red horse as one of his charges. His bed is directly in front of Whirlaway's stall, and Bogy is one of the very few privileged characters allowed in and out of the stall at will. Little Red plays with Bogy, at times a bit roughly, though he has never stepped on him. He'll lick Bogy and run his nose up and down Bogy's back, which proceeding Bogy loves.

Between Dan and Little Red there's absolute understanding. When he's rubbing Whirlaway's legs and ankles with alcohol, Whirlaway stands perfectly at peace, his head down, his eyes closed.

However, his general attitude of lazy peace disappears shortly before mealtime. Then he becomes the noisiest horse in the stable. When he hears the feed tubs rattling as the foreman fills them with oats, he throws his head up and down, neighing and snorting. Most of his time between his three meals a day is spent eating hay. During the afternoon he usually lies down and takes a nap for an hour.

Although Whirlaway wears bandages on all four legs, he wears them only for protection. He's absolutely sound, and this, together with his compact build and the fact that today he thrives on racing and hard training, points toward a prosperous future for him. Barring accidents, there's no reason why he shouldn't go on to supplant Seabiscuit as the world's leading money-winning horse.

As this is written Whirlaway has $236,116 to his credit. In front of him is approximately $150,000 available in three-year-old stakes, all of which he seems to have at his mercy. Then there's the $100,000 Santa Anita next March, and throughout 1942 plenty of rich stakes for older horses. Seabiscuit was seven before, with earnings of $437,730, he finally passed the previous high set by Sun Beau. Little Red promises to overtake Seabiscuit by the spring of his four-year-old season.

But actually it's the races a horse wins, rather than the money he earns, which pass his name down to posterity. And Whirlaway, if he never wins another race, if he never earns another dollar, will still have a special place reserved for him at the laurel-trimmed feed trough presided over by Man o' War.

No matter what his future, Little Red's a Triple Crown winner!

THE END

THE LAST WORD: *An Open Letter to Hitler*

© BACHRACH
FULTON OURSLER

DEAR ADOLF: When the memoirs of Fritz Thyssen begin to appear in Liberty next week, what is going to happen in Germany? Not that any world-shaking revelations or literary bombshells are to explode in the Thyssen writings; far from it. The German steelmaster who was your financial backer, Adolf, in the vain belief that he was saving Europe from ruin, is a plain-spoken old gentleman, as you well know; he leans over backward to avoid the sensational.

What is significant about the Thyssen documents is their clear and remorseful sense of disillusion about you and all your works. Disillusion seems to be your invariable effect upon men who try to work with you; those who do not die wind up as your profoundly cynical victims. You use people, Adolf, and when their usefulness is exhausted, then you turn and destroy them. You lie to them as a policy; treachery is your personal weapon; I believe you would feel you were slipping if you ever dealt honestly with any one. Yet man after man, and nation after nation have regarded themselves as exceptions in a wholesale policy of betrayal that knows no exceptions.

THYSSEN GAVE HIS MONEY

to you in fervent sincerity. He foolishly believed he would always be looked up to, and fondly, by the leader to whom he had furnished the sinews of war. Had you not worked together in the great crusade against Communism? Yes, indeed; but when you gained complete control of everything and everybody, then Germany and Russia began to embrace. That was the end of you for Fritz Thyssen. With all his faults, and they were many, Fritz was sincere in his fear of Communism. Where is old Fritz now, Adolf? Only you and your satraps know. Will he be killed, after his memoirs begin to appear in Liberty? Thyssen is a brave man. Friends warned him that your vengeance would be swift and sure if he gave to the world the story of your treachery. But he felt it his duty, even if it meant his life, and he insisted on publication. We raised the question of his fate last week and Dr. Reves also discusses it in this issue. Well, Führer, what about it? Will you order Thyssen's death? Remember, millions upon millions of Americans, whom you affect to despise as weaklings of democracy but who, in reality, give you the shivers whenever you think about them—these millions of Americans are soon going to be reading "the story of a political blunder"—that is what Thyssen calls his experience with you.

THEY WILL BE SHOCKED

beyond all forecast if you condemn their author to death. Better not, Adolf. If you do kill Thyssen, you will dramatize for American opinion and confirm in its judgment all the monstrous legends about you which are believed in this country. We of the editorial staff of Liberty know how closely our articles are followed in your country. Somehow your secret agents get advance copies of this magazine and every week important articles are broadcast to you by short wave. What an uproar you made when, in Liberty, Mr. H. G. Wells suggested that Berlin should have a good bombing—which it has since had, and often, thank God, and may it soon have ten times worse. Yes, we know that you keep yourself well informed about Liberty and that you will be intensely interested in what Thyssen has to say. But don't kill him, Adolf! Don't forget that from your own point of view old Fritz, the steel king, was right and you were wrong. Fritz said, No truck with Russia. You said you *would* be friends with Russia and to hell with Thyssen. Well, you are now fighting Russia, so who was right, Adolf—from your point of view? Fritz Thyssen was right, Adolf—so why kill him for his pieces in Liberty? Although I will have to admit you won't like them, not one little bit.

Let Thyssen live, Adolf, and you will disappoint your enemies over here who predict that you will have him drawn and quartered. Kill him, Adolf, and we will know you, more than ever, for what you are—if, indeed, increased knowledge of your wickedness is conceivable.

Anyway, Adolf, perhaps you recall that you yourself were once a contributor to Liberty. That was back in 1932, when you were still a job hunter, looking for public office. You called your interview When I Take Charge of Germany. To read it today is a startling experience, Adolf, because for once in your life you told the truth. It's all there in black and white—or almost all. I cut out some of what you wrote; the part where you told what you were going to do to Jews. I suppose I was not such a good editor when I cut out your promises of persecution; but I felt it would only stir up race hatred, and we don't like that sort of thing over here; and I also felt sure you would never fulfill those malicious promises, once you got to power. That's when you fooled me, Adolf!

SO YOU DID TAKE OVER GERMANY,

but you could never have done it without the money of our new (and your old) contributor, Fritz Thyssen. He is telling a good deal, Adolf—but don't kill him!

And why not?

Well, for many reasons. Because, for example, you need at least one good deed on your record somewhere; even in hell there must be degrees of heat and some reward for good deeds done on earth. Caligula, so I am told, once threw a bone to a dog. Nero turned aside his chariot and spared the life of a crippled old woman. Even Herod must have had one good impulse—or the Wise Men of the East would never have talked with him. But no American has heard of one act of mercy you ever performed. We all know you have power, Adolf, but have you that inner power to restrain your own use of your power? That marks the kingly man from the paper hanger!

SO LET THYSSEN LIVE, ADOLF

—one less murder on your blotted scroll; one less foul deed; one act of self-control; one gallon or so less of blood slopped along the path your boots have passed over. Remember, Adolf, the series starts next week. Read it, by all means, but don't get squeal-mad and order the poor author tortured to death. Too many millions are watching you this time, Adolf. Swallow it and try to forget—if you can.

Heil Freedom!

FULTON OURSLER.

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. . .

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY MEAD MADDICK LOWNDS

★ ★ ★ **LIBERTY—THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE** ★ ★ ★

In a hurrying, scurrying world there's serenity in beer and ale

Telephones jangling . . . radios blaring . . . auto horns honking . . . airplanes roaring. In big city or small town, peace is hard to find . . . and precious.

• • •

YES! It's a busy, dizzy world in which we live! And every man and woman in it needs now and then to get away from it all. Needs to sit down quietly and shut out the din and noise for a peaceful hour or so.

In your needed hours of relaxation, beer can play a pleasant part. For this delicious brew does more than delight your taste. Its mellow, kindly nature helps to unsnarl tangled nerves, helps to refresh a weary body, helps to restore a faltering spirit.

Made from nature's choicest grains and flavored with plump, ripe, fragrant hops, beer is a mild wholesome brew. In fact, from earliest times, men have called beer and ale the "beverages of moderation." Make them part of your own plan of balanced, tolerant, temperate living.

Because beer is a beverage of moderation and so great a national favorite, it deserves to have its good name guarded well. We who brew America's beer are cooperating to prevent abuses wherever they may occur in the retailing of beer and ale. You can help with understanding and support of the brewers' "clean-up or close-up" program...described in a booklet sent free on request. Address United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. C8, 21 E. 40th St., New York, N.Y.

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

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Try them for yourself, and see!

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

● *Actual color photograph—Otis Rucker inspects a fine, light leaf, before aging*

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